NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

Mass Hortic'l Society

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

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New England Farmer.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In reply to inquiries, we would say that the FARMER will be sent to all subscribers until a discontinuance is ordered. The date to which payment is made is given on each paper, so that every subscriber can ascertain for himself the time when his subscription ends.

We would also state that our *lowest and only terms* are given on our third page. We have no Club Terms. We have fixed our rates as low as the times will allow, and we give our readers their full money's worth.

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Editorial.

FARMING WITHOUT MANURE.

We have before us a letter from a correspondent who has recently been visiting portions of North Carolina, and who appears to be somewhat enthusiastic over the apparent advantages found in that locality. He writes that the climate is so favorable to health that consumptives who have been given up by their physicians at the North, are completely cured by a short residence in that State; that the soil is so rich and productive that enormous crops of wheat, potatoes, grass, sweet potatoes and peanuts can be grown without any manure being applied to the soil; that prices for produce are high and sales quick; that land is cheap and Northerners are welcomed wherever they may go; that the stories published in Boston papers of crime and tyranny at the South are absolutely false: that everybody is safe everywhere, and that the people, as a rule, leave their houses and other buildings unlocked day and night. But he dwells more especially upon the richness of the soil, which will produce great crops without manure, and he would have the NEW ENGLAND FARMER encourage its readers who are now cultivating the poor land of these cold, barren northern hillsides, to pull up stakes, sell their farms for what they will bring, and come down to North Carolina, purchase a few hundred acres of that rich soil, and then—what do you think? *Let it out to tenants and live in idleness on the rent.* Here is one paragraph from his letter which we give in the writer's own words: "I have repeatedly travelled through the West, the Territories, and to California, but I have never yet seen a country where people live as easily as they do here. With *500* acres, which can be purchased at from three to five dollars per acre, according to the improvements, a man can let out lands to four or five tenants, and live himself independent, without labor."

Why, this is better than sending money to the New York stock brokers to be "operated" on by some great double "combination system," for one could save his postage in this case as he would live right among his tenants, who would bring him his rent free of all expenses, and besides, stock gambling does sometimes *work the wrong way*. But where clover grows spontaneously, and potatoes yield at the rate of five hundred bushels per acre, and sell quick at $2.20 per bushel; and sheep need no attention except at shearing time, and where the climate is so healthy that doctors can't live, the advantages are certainly all on the side of farming in North Carolina, as against any or all other kinds of business anywhere and everywhere.

Let us just figure a little; one acre of this rich virgin soil, with the improvements, will cost five dollars; it will yield, in an ordinary season, five hundred bushels of potatoes, which have been selling the past winter only one night's ride from the field, at two dollars and twenty cents per bushel. Allowing the twenty cents for freight, which would certainly be high enough, the acre would bring $1000, which is divided equally between tenant and landlord. Is not that a pretty good return on the investment—$500 interest on $5.00 capital, invested in one acre of land? And that, too, in a climate where everybody is healthy, and where the people are so honest and virtuous that houses are left unlocked day and night!

Ordinary good investments, at the present time, in savings banks or government bonds, will yield about four per cent., or twenty cents on five dollars in a year, but in the good old business of agriculture, conducted on shares, the interest is twenty-five hundred times greater. Who can say that farming don't pay? And who, after this, can keep away from North Carolina so long as these rich lands remain in market at from three to five dollars per acre? But seriously, how long will this condition of things last? How long will those tenants be willing to work our lands on shares, when, for the paltry sum of five dollars per acre, they can buy the land with its improvements and so save the whole income, instead of giving one-half to their landlords?

But the question which came uppermost in our mind, while reading the letter of our correspondent, was, whether the agricultural press of New England, or indeed, of any country, should encourage any system of agriculture that is supposed to be based for its success upon the natural fertility of virgin soil. It seems to us that American agriculture has been one continuous chase after soil that would produce crops without manure; that our system of agriculture has been a system of continual robbery, and that it has been carried on in a manner entirely unworthy the name of agriculture. The soil of New England was once fertile, but a system of continuous cropping, without putting on manure, depleted it. The sons of New England farmers, finding the over-cropped soil of her beautiful hills failing to yield as in the past, moved westward. New York, Ohio, and other States, in their turn, were overrun and their soils depleted by that same course of cropping without manuring till they too became exhausted. And then our capitalists, instead of studying and encouraging a true and honorable system of agriculture, by which our land could be made to support its inhabitants in comfort and elegance forever, have invested millions and millions of that capital which has certainly been derived largely from the soil of these older States, in building railroads to newer fields, where, for a while at least, crops can be grown without the application of manure. The office of the agricultural journal, as we understand it, is not to point out the fertile spots where crops may for a while be grown without manure, but to teach how to till a soil so that it will sustain him who tills it so long as time and soils endure; not to show the reader where he can live by robbing the soil at the expense of future generations who may come after him, but *how* he can live where he is *now*. We do not publish the letter of our North Carolina correspondent in full, and without comment, because we have some doubts as to the fairness of the statements, for if they are strictly true they can only apply to a comparatively small territory, or to a limited period. Were it generally believed that there is a spot anywhere between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico where a man could uniformly obtain such rates of interest on his capital as might be inferred is the case in the locality alluded to by our correspondent, it would not be seven days before the population in that particular vicinity would exceed in density that of our large cities. The rush to the gold mines of California or Australia would dwindle into insignificance beside it. We know that the times are hard for farmers, compared with certain other periods, or at least that they seem so. Prices are low and fertilizers cost money. Our land has been overcropped, and the railroads are bringing us into close competition with those who occupy newer, and at present richer soils; but, after all, are we sure that we should better our condition by removal, or that our cousins at the extreme borders of civilization are really any better off than ourselves?

The question always will come up in our mind, when reading the letters of writers who are urging people to come and accept the great advantages offered why it is, if so much money can be made with so little capital, and so easily too, that *they don't keep still about it?* If a man really believes that he has got one of the best farms in the world, does he ask all the world to come and buy it for a tenth or a hundredth part its real value? Not a bit of it. If the publishers of a newspaper find that their business is paying them a large profit on each subscriber, or advertisement published, do they take any special pains to invite competition in their own field? By no means. Any property that is known to be valuable will generally bring very near its true value when offered in the open market. and that, too, without the necessity for any very special effort to attract purchasers.

If there is yet a spot anywhere in the older settled portions of the United States where the soil is so rich that it will produce five hundred busbels of good potatoes per acre, without manure, and that within one night's ride of a large market, where they will bring two dollars per bushel, then we may rest assured that within a very short period that market will be so overrun with potatoes that they won't be worth ten cents a bushel.

We, as yet, believe in New England, and while we continue to attempt to assist New England farmers to carry on their business more successfully, we shall do it, not by presenting the bright side of other lands, but by calling their attention to the possibilities of their own. We haven't as yet begun to learn what may be accomplished right here at home.

QUESTIONS FOR FARMERS' CLUBS.

The season is drawing near when farmers have to think as well as act, and when the officers of farmers' clubs are making up their programmes for the winter meetings. Dr. Loring is reported as having said, at a late farmers' meeting at Worcester, that discussion of farm topics in farmers' club meetings is entirely useless, or something to that effect. Perhaps the "Farm Yard Club of Jotham" succeeded in settling all the questions that have so vexed farmers for the past few centuries, and left nothing for the present generation to do in that line. There may, however, be a few farmers who may not quite agree with the Doctor, or there may be some who will persist in discussing, if only for discussion's sake. Some think the exercise of one's faculties in the way of telling what one knows, or thinks he knows, to his brother farmers, in a sort of a public way, is a legitimate method of improving one's powers of communication so that he can make himself understood when important questions are to be acted on in town meetings or elsewhere. To all such, the following list of questions gathered from the records of a few of our successful farmers' clubs may not come amiss:—

Trees for Shelter; kinds most suitable, most judicious arrangement for shelter and for picturesque effect.
Treatment and Feed of Stock in Winter.
Are Swine Profitable?
Potatoes: Their cultivation, cost of production, profit, best variety.
Cows and the profits from them.
Root Crops, cultivation and cost of growing Mangolds, Ruta Bagas, etc.; comparative merits for feeding.
Effects of rural life on health, material prosperity and longevity.
Commercial Fertilizers, and their application.
Manure—its production and application to the soil.
Improvement of Dairy Stock.
Abortion of Cows, the cause and remedy.
Horses—Care and Diseases of.
Swine, their management and profit.
How Farmers are humbugged.
Poultry—The best method of feeding and the best breeds for general use.
Peculiarities in plant growth, and how to take advantage of them.
The Grass Crop.
How shall we feed for milk?
Special and mixed farming compared.
The Grain Crops. Will it pay to raise Wheat, Rye, etc.?
Sheep Husbandry.
Wastes on the Farm.
Principles of Fertilizing the Soil.
Reclaiming Waste Lands.
Insect Enemies—Unity of action among farmers for their destruction; Remedies tried and results.
Which is the most profitable for the Farmer to keep for work, Horses or Oxen?
Houses, Barns and Out-buildings.
Market Gardening; The best crops for profit and the best manner of cultivation.
Barn-yard Manure; Best methods of saving and application.
Can Small City Farming in New England be made profitable?
How shall we make farming more attractive to our young men?
Culture of Flowers and Shrubs.
Culture of Bees.
Can Tile Pipe be practically and economically used for drainage of streets, side walks, as well as low, cold, wet lands, and the best manner of laying.
Ploughing and Ploughs.
What Books shall we read and how shall we read them?
Roast Beef and Plum pudding; The science of living and enjoying life.
Stock Breeding as a Science.
Is it profitable to remove stone wall and replace with wooden fence?
Labor and Wages.
Small Fruits.
Opportunities for young farmers
The Census and Enumeration in their relation to the farmer.
Our Buildings—Best way to warm and ventilate.
Peat, and its Formation.

AMMONIA IN MUCK.

In explanation of the wide differences of opinion concerning the value of swamp muck as a source of available nitrogen, Dr. Hoskins contributes the following to the columns of the *Freeman*. If his position is a true one, it would seem that there could hardly be a better special fertilizer for applying to our reclaimed bogs than wood ashes or lime.

There seems to be an "issue" raised between those who plume themselves upon being "practical" farmers (if any of those gentlemen should undertake to pass through a course of chemical study we fancy they would conclude that chemists were "practical" men before they got through with it), and the chemists upon the quantity of ammonia contained in peat or muck. Persons who would at once resort to a chemist to discern whether a death were caused by arsenic or strychnine, though not a hundredth part of one per cent. of the poison was contained in the tissues of the body, affect to believe that chemists are wrong when they state that there is often four or five per cent. of ammonia in dry peat. The reason is that they have failed to get the results from the application of muck that they get from guano or other ammoniacal fertilizers.

Now one of the most abundant sources of the ammonia used in commercial fertilizers is the coal out of which illuminating gas is made. From the gas works hundreds of tons of sulphate of ammonia are purchased for fertilizing purposes, all of this ammonia coming from the coal in the process of gas-making. Yet pulverized coal is of no value as a fertilizer.

Geologists tell us that the coal mines are simply old peat bogs that have been buried, perhaps for millions of years, and consolidated by time and the weight of superincumbent material. There is plenty of ammonia in peat after it is pressed into coal, certainly, for those despised chemists make a good thing by extracting it and selling it to us "practical" farmers at twenty cents a pound, at which price I find it a cheap manure.

Further than this—experiments have been made in the manufacture of gas directly from peat, and though not so cheap and handy as coal, it is found to have the same composition, to yield a good gas in abundance, and also a large percentage of ammonia. This is a fact as abundantly demonstrated by the coal chemists as the fact that maple sap contains sugar has been demonstrated by our "practical" chemists of the "sugar place."

Why, then, do we fail to get the benefit of this ammonia when we dig up the muck and apply it to the land? For the same reason that coal is of no use for the same purpose. The ammonia is there, but not in a form available in growing plants. It is held in insoluble combinations by the acids of the peat. A little of that knowledge which is thought to be so dangerous to farmers—"book" knowledge, if you will, but yet knowledge that had to be acquired by the hard labor of "practical" chemists before it could be got into books—would have made this all plain to the critics who like to pounce on these misunderstood statements in order to show the "ignorance" of those writers, forgetful that they may accidentally expose their own.

Uncomposted peat is almost entirely in soluble, and therefore inert as a fertilizer. Composted with stable manure it becomes slowly and partially soluble. Composted with alkaline substances, lime or potash, it becomes more active; but there is no cheap way yet discovered to make the ammonia of peat fully and immediately available, so as to show the striking results that follow the application of a fertilizer containing an equal percentage of soluble ammonia. But from actual "practical" experience I am induced to believe that when a muck rich in ammonia is composted with a sufficient quantity of lime or ashes, nearly all of its ammonia becomes available (on a light soil) within three years' time.

NO MORE CHICKENS AT LARGE.

Brother Tinkham seems to be in earnest this time, judging by the following paragraph published in a recent number of the *Green Mountain Freeman*. We doubt not many of our readers will sympathize with him in his difficulties, though he hasn't told half the story, as thousands of farmers' families could attest, who allow their fowls to roam at large through the gardens and fields, and have free liberty to roost over the horse and cattle mangers and on the beams of the carriage and harness rooms.

"We wish to have it distinctly understood by 'all whom it may concern,' that after this year poultry kept on this ranche will have a place and be kept there, or there will be chicken stew on the table three times a day, seven days in a week, till the supply is exhausted. Of course they don't thrive well in confinement, they pine away from discontent, because they are not up to some mischief. To be sure, they covet a thousand things they can't get in confinement. They covet the satisfaction of digging about the roots of early corn to see whether it is properly rooted they want to see whether the bottoms of the plants in the flower beds are as much prettier as the tops. Why, they have scratched up the end of one flower bed for us more than forty times, and the housewife's temper suffers correspondingly. Oh, yes, they do immeasurably better if they have their liberty all day; but the worthy old patriarch who chiefly engineers the garden gets ma—gets in earnest and throws stones at them when he finds his cucumbers laid waste, and his ripening tomatoes half-eaten, and the lettuce and cabbage picked; and who shall conceive his regretful remembrance of the dreadful words which relieved his over-burdened breast, as beholding the effects of their industry and thrift he exclaimed in bitterness of soul "Drat their picters!" Then they "covet" the privilege of coming about the doors, and kicking the chips and dirt all about over the yard, which the housewife has just swept, (and they wouldn't have done it in a century if it hadn't been swept,) and they tip over the swill pail, and knock down the flower pots, and leave their foul traces all about the premises. Indeed, about the maddest man we ever saw was one who picked up his chip-rake which had fallen, and found his hand covered with a slimy, sticky, disgusting brown mass into which the handle had fallen, and which of course was on the under side of the handle, out of sight. The speechless agony depicted on that man's countenance as he realized the total inability of language for adequate expression on such an occasion, was truly and profoundly touching. No more hens at large for us. They are much easier fenced *in* than *out*, and that's going to be the state of things at our house in future, or the feathers will fly."

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

GROWING POTATOES.

In compliance with your kind invitation of the 16th inst., I send you the following thoughts for publication in regard to my present method of growing potatoes. Premising that since the advent of the potato rot, some thirty or more years ago, and more recently of the Colorado beetles, I don't make the potato a leading crop of the farm, but grow them annually only for family use, feeding the smaller ones to my cattle. I can remember back some 65 years ago, when I became old enough to take some part and interest in the cultivation of potatoes on my father's farm. It did not require much skill to prepare and cultivate the soil, or great expense for fertilizers to grow enormous crops of potatoes in those days—more than were needed for family use and feeding purposes. They were so plenty in some localities then that they were sold to be made into *whiskey* at a price so low—ranging from 10 to 20 cts per bushel—that it hardly covered the expense of their production.

The soil I use for growing potatoes is a warm, sandy loam, resting on a dry subsoil of coarse gravel, with occasional layers of fine sand. In preparing the ground for a crop of potatoes, since the rot has disappeared and the beetles have come round, I try and make it pretty rich in those elements of manure on which the potatoe plant used formerly to thrive, but which have been extracted from the soil by too severe cropping during the last 50 or 75 years. I have found by experience that a compost made of ripe barn manure that has not been exposed to the weather, and made rich also with potash salts, bone phosphate and plaster to be the best fertilizer I know of for this purpose. To obtain these chemicals, I use in my practice for this purpose, in their crude state, without any preparation or *tinkering* of the chemist or manufacturer of fertilizers, the highest grades or German muriate potash salts, South Carolina rock, ground fine, or best Carribean sea guano, both very rich in phosphate, and also plaster. Most of this dressing I spread on the surface of the field and plough it under a little while previous to planting and to the depth of about 6 or 7 inches If the surface of the field is green sward it should be thoroughly harrowed previous to ploughing, to break up the top of the sward somewhat and incorporate the dressing of manure with it. I open furrows three feet apart as deep as the land is ploughed, viz., 6 or 7 inches, and put the sets in of such varieties as the early rose, from 18 to 24 inches apart, and those varieties that grow tall, rank vines, about three feet apart in the rows; I cover them slightly. I have also found it beneficial to use a small quantity of this compost in the hill at the time of planting, and it should be spread thin and evenly on the bottom of the hills along the furrow. It gives the young plants a vigorous, thrifty start in the early stages of their growth; I have also found a light sprinkling of plaster and ashes applied to the young plants when they first break the ground, previous to the first hoeing, beneficial to their growth, and a slight sprinkling of the same applied to the vines afterwards, occasionally, during their period of growth, frequently prevents rust and mildew and protects them from the ravages of many injurious insects. The vines may also be protected in the early stages of their growth, when threatened with frost, by giving them a slight covering of soil. I keep the surface of the field clean of weeds and nearly level during the season of their growth, giving the surface, however, a slight elevation around the plants, in the form of a flat hill. I prefer for seed, when I can get them, not the largest and ripest potatoes—those are better for table use—but potatoes that are less ripe and about the size of a common hen's egg; I put one in each hill. I will here say that I don't offer the foregoing thoughts on potato culture as an exact rule that would be safe to follow everywhere and on all kinds of soil, but have had excellent success for several years in growing this crop. ROYAL SMITH.

Millington, Mass., August 21, 1879.

P. S.—We have harvested, in prime condition, the largest first crop of hay that I remember for many years, and some splendid fields of winter rye. Potatoes are more than an average crop. Beetles seem on the wane. Corn is also a good crop, and will be out of the way of frosts by the middle of September, I think. We had a soaking rain that commenced the 16th and cleared the 18th of August that was beginning to be much needed and it was thought some four or five inches of water fell on a level. Squashes, melons, tomatoes and other garden vegetables are abundant; not many apples; small wild berries quite abundant; considerable rowen, but the crop not so good as last year.

HENS AS FERTILIZERS.

In the NEW ENGLAND FARMER of last week, T. P. B. refers to a statement made by a gentleman living in Worcester, who made in one year $250 worth of what he calls American guano from the droppings of seventy-five hens. That on two acres of land he formerly used many cords of manure to dress it, but now he cultivates eleven acres without buying a cent's worth. In the above statement the only number of hens given is 75, and the connection in which this number stands to that of the value of manure made, and of the increased number of acres cultivated, gives the impression that but seventy-five hens were used in producing the dressing for eleven acres. Did the writer omit to state that to dress the extra nine acres a proportionate number of hens were kept? Again: "at the end of the year, he had 150 bushels of droppings;" in this case, there must have been more than seventy-five hens kept, or the manure exceeded in bulk one-fifth more than the corn used to feed them; possibly the gravel from the floors made the difference. If it is not intended that the reader should understand that the number of hens kept to dress eleven acres is seventy-five, it would be well to make a correction to save persons from being misled.

JOHN FLEMING.

Agricultural Fairs.

VERMONT STATE FAIR.

There is nothing to add to our report of this Show, after the full allowance given in our last, except to publish the honorary list of those who were adjudged to have made the best show in their special department. Of course, many of the smaller awards we are compelled to omit, but the following are the more important of the

OF PREMIUMS AWARDED.

Horses.

Moulton & Bros., West Randolph, stock horses, general use, with three colts of this stock, gold medal and $25; H. W. Gray, West Randolph, horse for general use, with 3 colts of this stock, silver medal; H. H. Baxter, Rutland, stallion, 5-years-old, 1st; J. Battell, Middlebury, 2d; Lucius L. Cheney, Barre, 3d; H. H. Baxter, stallion, 4-years-old, 1st; I. B. Wells, West Randolph, 2d; Louis P. Joslyn, 3d; C. E. Burt, Stowe, stallion, 3-years-old, 1st; Harry Jones, Northfield, 2d; O. C. Wilder, Waitsfield, 3d; Timothy Blanchard, Brookfield, stallion, 2-years-old, 1st; W. E. Ward, Moretown, 2d; Edward Hinds, Brandon, stallion, 1-year-old, 1st; Geo. Bradshaw, Berlin, 2d; I. W. Avery, Randolph, gelding and filly, 2-years-old, 1st; I. W. Gray, 2d; H. S. Newton, Georgia, 3d; H. D. Moore, Moore's Station, P. Q., gelding and filly, 1-year-old, 1st; H. S. Town, Montpelier, 2d; H. S. Newton, 3d; E. S. Stowell, Cornwall, matched horses, 1st and 2d; I. N. Knight, Corinth, 3d; B. Hennessey, Morretown, brood mare, 1st; G. A. Bruce, East, Montpelier, 2d; George Bradshaw, Berlin, 3d; Geo. Hammond, Middlebury, single horse, for general use, 1st; E. F. Brownell, Burlington, 2d; D. W. Cutting, Cambridge, 3d; Henry W. Davis, Alburgh Springs, colt 1-year, 1st.

Cattle.

Best milch cows of any breed, W. H. Adams, North Pomfret, 1st premium; G. L. Reynolds, Burlington, 2d do.; I. T. Parris, Fairfax, 3d do.

Shorthorns. Herds—G. L. Reynolds, Burlington, 1st, gold medal; Louis R. Joslyn, left with the board H. H. Martin, bull, 3 years old and over, 1st prem.; G. L. Reynolds, 2d; Brigham & Van Sickien, 3d. G. L. Reynolds, bull, 2-year-old, 1st; same, bull, 1-year-old, 1st; H. H. Martin, bull calves, 1st; same, 2d. H. H. Martin, cows, 3-years-old and over, 1st; G. L. Reynolds, 2d; H. H. Martin, 3d. G. L. Reynolds, heifer, 3-years old, 1st, 2d and 3d. G. L. Reynolds, heifer, 1-year-old, 1st and 2d. G. L. Reynolds, heifer calves, 1st and 2d.

Devons. Herds—Edwin House, Waitsfield, 1st best, gold medal. Edwin House, Waitsfield, bull, 3 years-old and over, 1st; S. S. Wilkins, Plainfield, bull, 2-years-old, 1st; I. M. Willard, Ea. Montpelier, 2d. Chas. L. Stevens, No. Danville, yearling bull, 1st; Edwin House, Waitsfield, 2d. Edwin House, Waitsfield, bull calves, 1st; Geo. Davis, Ea. Montpelier, 2d, Edwin House, Waitsfield, 3d. Geo. Davis, cow, 3-years-old and over, 1st; E. House, 2d; Geo. Davis, 3d. Edwin House, 2-year-old heifer, 1st; C. Stevens, No Danville, 2d; Edwin House, 3d. Edwin House, yearling heifers, 1st; Geo. Davis, 2d; Edwin House, 3d. Geo. Davis, heifer calves, 1st and 2d.

Grade or Native.—A. D. Arms, East Montpelier, cows, 3 years old and over, 1st. A. D. Arms, heifer, 2-years-old, 1st; H. H. Martin, Ea. Montpelier, heifer, 1st. J. A. Shedd, Burlington, heifer calf, 1st; H. H. Martin, 2d; J. A. Shedd, 3d.

Town Teams.—East Montpelier, 1st; Marshfield, 2d.

Fat Cattle.—Stephen Greelee, Ea. Montpelier, pair fat oxen, 1st; Orrin Cummings, do., 2d. G. L. Reynolds, Burlington, fat cow, 1st and 2d; Orrin Cummings, 3d.

Working Oxen and Steers.—A. J. Hollister, East Montpelier, oxen 5 years old and over, 1st; S. L. Gilman, Marshfield, 2d. Willis Lane, Marshfield, oxen 3 years old and over, 3d. L. R. Joslyn, Waitsfield, oxen, 4-years old, 1st; H. H. Martin, Ea. Montpelier, 2d; I. A. Pierson, East Montpelier, 3d. C. P. Whitney, Westminster, steers, 3-years-old, 1st; I. A. Pierson, 2d, S. L. Gilman, Marshfield, 3d. C. P. Whitney, steers, 2 years-old, 1st; L. R. Joslyn, 2d and 3d. H. H. Martin, yearling steers, 1st; J. Whitney, 2d. J. A. Shedd, steer calf, 1st; H. C. Waldo, Randolph, 2d.

Sheep.

Merino Flock.—E. S. Stowell, Cornwall, 1st, gold medal; I. T. Stickney, Shoreham, 2d, silver medal; Geo. Hammond, Middlebury, ram lambs, 1st; I. T. Stickney, 2d; George Hammond, ewe, 1st; I. T. Stickney, 2d; George Hammond, stock ram, with ten of his get, 1st; I. T. Stickney, 2d; I. T. Stickney, Spanish Merino ewes, 2 years and over, 1st; T. Stickney & Son, Ea. Shoreham, 2d. Stickney & Son, Spanish Merino yearling ewes, 1st; P. T. Stickney, 2d; A. E. Fuller, Pomfret, Spanish Merino ram, 2 years-old, 1st; T. Stickney & Son, 2d; A. E. Fuller, Spanish Merino ram, 1-year-old, 1st; Geo. Stickney, 2d.

Middle Wool Flock.—J. D. Wheat, Putney, gold medal; A. O. & J. Bemis, Lyndon, silver medal; J. D. Wheat, stock ram, 10 his get, 1st; A. O. & J. Bemis 2d; C. K. Gray, E. Montpelier, ram 2-years-old, 1st; A. O. & J. Bemis, 2d; J. D. Wheat, ram, 1-year-old, 1st; H. B. Moore, Moore's Station, 2d; J. D. Wheat, ewes, 2-years-old, 1st; H. O. Smith, Pomfret, 2d; H. O. Smith, ewes, 1-year-old, 1st; J. D. Wheat, 2d; J. D. Wheat, ram lambs, 1st; H. O. Smith, 2d; H. O. Smith, ewe lambs, 1st; A. O. & J. Bemis, 2d.

Long Wooled.—Julius Woodworth, La Colle, P. Q., flock, 1st, gold medal; Charles Robinson, La Colle, P. Q., 2d, silver medal. Chas. Robinson, stock ram and 10 of his get, 1st; Peter Robinson, La Colle, P. Q., 2d. Chas. Winterbottom, Shelburn, ram, 2-years-old and over, 1st; Julius Woodworth, 2d; Chas. Robinson, ram, 1-year-old, 1st; Peter Robinson, 2d; Chas. Robinson, 5 ewes, 2-years-old and over, 1st; Peter Robinson, 2d; Julius Woodworth, ewes, 1-year-old, 1st; Chas. Robinson, 2d; Julius Woodworth, 3 ram lambs, 1st; Charles Robinson, 2d; Charles Robinson, 5 ewe lamb, 1st; Peter Robinson, 2d.

Swine.

Smith Harding, South Deerfield, Mass., Poland China boars, 1st; J. K. Gray, East Montpelier, 2d; C. K. Gray, Poland China boar, 6 mos. and under 12, 1st; Smith Harding, So. Deerfield, shoat, 6 mos. and under 12, 1st; C. K. Grey, sow and pigs, 1st; Smith Harding, 2d; E. F. Willard, white lop sow, also, and over, 1st; same, sow and pigs, 6 mos., 1st; I. W. Leonard, Barre, sow and pigs, 1st; E. F. Willard, 2d.

Butter.

Geo. Eddy, Waitsfield, 50 pounds butter, 1st; A. J. Nelson, do., 2d.

Special Premium, by H. R. & F. B. Thurber, N. Y. City, salted with Higgins's Eureka Salt.

O. M. Tinkham, Pomfret, 50 pounds butter, 1st, gold medal; W. D. Bronson, East Hardwick, do., 2d, silver medal; E. W. Clark, So. Pomfret, do., 3d, bronze medal; A. Town, Jonesville, cheese, 1st, gold medal.

Ferguson Butter Premiums.

M. Prindle, Vergennes, 1st; O. M. Tinkham, Pomfret, 2d.

Cooley Premium, by Vermont Farm Machine Company, of Bellows Falls, Vt.

William Powers, Leicester Junction, No. 4 Cooley Creamer; E. W. Clark, South Peacham, No. 2 Cooley Creamer; J. C. Little, Barre, No. 3 swing churn; Star Creamery, Barre, No. 3 Eureka Butter Worker.

Cheese.

I. W. Hill, East Montpelier, 2 boxes cheese, 1st; A. Town, Jonesville, 3 do., 2d.

Maple Sugar and Honey.

E. W. Bisbee, Moretown, maple sugar, 1st; Curtis Wheeler, Fairfax, do., 2d. H. B. Templeton, East Montpelier, do., 3d. Curtis Wheeler, maple syrup, 1st; Faber Benedict, East Bethel, do., 2d; H. B. Templeton, do. 3d. E. S. Marshall, East Brookfield, box honey, 1st; A. C. Powers, Pittsford, do., 2d; Aaron Webster, East Roxbury, do., 3d.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.

The twenty-fifth annual fair of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society was held at Granite State Park, Dover, Sept. 16 to 19, inclusive. Granite State Park is located midway between Dover and Great Falls, and about three miles from those places, the trip being made by carriages. The trotting track is a full mile in length, and near by are 150 first class stables for horses, and 250 covered pens for cattle.

Arriving at the grounds on the second day, we found the cattle and other stock in their pens ready for examination by visitors. It is evident that the farmers who occupy the rocky soil of New Hampshire are slow to change their oxen for horse teams for doing farm work.

Working Oxen.

The working oxen and steers collected here are certainly as good, and we think, better than any similar exhibit we have ever seen. The team from the town of Barrington, containing 10 yokes, owned by as many different competitors, was only excelled in number by the 14 yokes of Frank Jones, of Portsmouth. Among the other entries we notice a pair, four years old, of large size, from George Neal, Unity; a pair of three-year-olds by Chester Pike, Cornish, and a pair of two year-olds, also all being large enough to be taken for cattle a year or two older than they are. James E. Perry, Charlestown, has a yoke of three-year-olds that are large framed, but will look better when filled up. The same exhibitor has a pair of two-year-olds of large size, but George Neal's, of same age, are a little more attractive to the eye. The yearlings of E. R. Perry also show good keeping, but with so large a collection of oxen and steers we have little space for particularizing. We find among the other exhibitors of good and extra good oxen the names of John C. Evans, South Hampton, with two yokes, supplemented by two pens of promising steers and steer calves; also a pair of heavy oxen entered in the name of Strafford County.

Shorthorns.

In Shorthorns, Hugh Tallant, East Concord, stands first on the list, with the bull "Earle of Warner," followed by five cows and six head of young stock. Moses Roberts, Rollinsford, is an exhibitor of a dozen, and N. F. Ricker and Andrew Rollins, a smaller number, from the same town. Among the thoroughbreds of Mr. Rollins is a three-fourths Shorthorn heifer that looks to be worth as much as any milch cow on the ground. Mrs. Eliza Sutton, Centre Harbor, shows a fine herd of well bred cows, with the young bull "Young America."

Jerseys.

Of Jerseys, J. W. Rollins, Dover, has some good stock, but all young. John McIntyre, Dover, has a neat two-year-old heifer, exciting the sympathy of every visitor who observes the long bleeding gash in the side, given by some sharp-horned companion. E. H. Rollins, Rollinsford, shows Jersey cows of large size. Joseph Winkley, Dover, contributes some specimens of Jerseys that are quite attractive, especially the bull, Col. Pierce, and the cow, Bettie, which would, however, look better if a little larger. We also find Jersey bulls and heifers brought here that we would hardly take as a gift; their owners placing much more stress on their pedigrees than upon their product at the pail. B. F. Vittum shows a twelve quart heifer.

Ayrshires.

In number, the Ayrshires appear to lead. A. W. Dudley, Brentwood, shows a dozen cows, heifers and calves, and a two-year-old bull "Straven Duke," 3d. Mr. Dudley also brings along a Guernsey bull, with some good points characteristic of that stock, of which the yellow skin is not the least prominent. In Ayrshires, C. Hayes & Son, Portsmouth, have not only the largest number of animals of this breed, but we believe his herd is the largest of any on the ground. His herd consists of five pure bred bulls, eleven cows and heifers, in milk, six calves and two yearling heifers; also two grades. One two-year-old heifer, small size, is good for sixteen quarts per day, her mother having a record of 8500 pounds of milk in one year. Two of the bulls, Earl of Milford and Frolic are broken to the yoke and show good dispositions, especially the Earl, who is as quiet as a lamb. A heifer two years old next January, which calved last June, gave ten quarts of milk per day, for some weeks. A pair of 4-years-old, twin heifers also take the eye of passers-by, one having taken $75 in premiums. Another pen, containing a three and a five-year-old cow, would also suit the milkman, although some of the committee say they judge not by products but by points and pedigree.

Grades.

W. R. Garvin shows a grade Ayrshire cow, with three heifers, that bid fair to equal or exceed their mother, who is good for twenty-two quarts of milk per day. Mr. Garvin has several pens of pure breds, but claims nothing more valuable for business than his grades. Moses Meader, Dover, has one extra fine cow, but void of pedigree.

Devons.

Of Devons we find about thirty animals. R. L. Coe, Centre Harbor, has his bull Granger, with four cows, three yearlings, and three calves. John B. Sanborn, East Concord, has nineteen animals, the two-year-old bull, Mountain Star, with nine cows, and the balance in young stock.

Sheep.

The sheep are out in very limited numbers, but the quality is excellent, we should judge. William Neal, Meredith, has several pens of middle wools, and takes about all the prizes. Mrs. Eliza Sutton, Centre Harbor, is the largest exhibitor of long wools, and takes the first and second prizes in this class.

Swine.

The hog pens are very poorly filled. B. F. Vittum, Dover, shows a pair of Berkshires, in one pen, a boar in another, and a young sow in a third, and takes three first premiums. H. H. Downing, Newington, the only competitor, takes second prize on boar and sow pigs. Four pens of Chester county hogs and pigs of various ages, from Strafford county farm, contain excellent specimens of this old, but still popular breed. S. C. Sleeper, Plaistow, shows a novelty in this section in four pens of Duroc or Jersey red swine, the only specimens of the breed in the State. They appear rather coarse, but will make large hogs.

Poultry.

The show of poultry was the poorest we have ever seen at any State Fair in New England. Light Brahmas were represented by a single coop of inferior fowls, and a single pair of chickens, the latter by J. M. Caswell, New Market. James Quimby, East Rochester, had a pair each of dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins and Black Cochins. John M. Blaisdell showed brown Leghorns of fair quality, and Charles Thompson, Hadley Falls, had a few coops of Leghorns, Houdans, light and dark Brahmas, containing a few good birds, but not in condition to show to advantage. John S. Hussey, Dover, had a collection of Plymouth Rocks that would pass with credit anywhere; S. H. Fickett also had a few birds of this breed. A few coops of pigeons, two turkeys, and a cage of rabits and Guinea pigs complete the list of entries in this department. The coops are crowded into a small tent some twenty feet long. The air is hot and disagreeable, and visitors make short stops. The contrast as one enters the large airy tent for

Carriages and Farm Implements

is really refreshing. J. M. Bunker, Dover, local agent for the Buckeye mower, Champion mower, Bullard tedder, and Kemp's manure spreader, had samples of these goods which attracted the usual attention of visitors. E. E. Lummus, Boston, exhibits the Randall harrow, Warrior mower, and corn cultivator. The Vermont Farm Machine Company have their creamer, butter worker and swing churn. Moses Humphrey of Concord, has his double row corn and fertilizer dropper on exhibition, and is constantly surrounded by a crowd of visitors eager to understand its workings. Whitman & Barnes, Boston, show the Syracuse chilled plough, which is a new thing in New England, but has merits that bid fair to make it better known in the near future. Whittemore Brothers, Boston, have their Oliver chilled plough, the Victor hay cutter, and an improved chain pump. The Wadleigh Plough Co., Meredith, N. H., have a new swivel plough called the Granger, which is spoken well of by parties who have used it. Timothy Hussey, North Berwick, Me., makes a display of his steel and iron landside ploughs, and J. P. Hussey, Gilmanton, N. H., shows a swivel of hard metal. J. B. Varney, South Berwick, Me., also has a large collection of ploughs and cultivators, and completes the exhibit arrayed on one side of the large tent. On the opposite side we find the well known goods of J. B. Small, Boston, including the La Dow pulverizing harrow, Matthews' seed drill and hand cultivator, and their Matchless swivel plough. Foot & Snell, Dover, show the Walter A. Wood mower, of which there were made and sold the past year, 24,920. Next come the large collection by the Ames Plow Co., with over 120 entries of ploughs, cultivators, harrows, haying implements, cider mills, root cutters, farm carts, &c., &c. The Wm. A. Wood mowing machine, with new enclosed gear, was shown by J. Haddock, Milford, N. H. Barnard Goodrich, Exeter, exhibits a new and powerful road scraper and builder, while Edwin Prescott,

Monk, and D. J. Briggs; Winthrop Dairying Association; No. Turner Cheese Co.; Nickerson Factory, Houlton; Mrs. John K. Chaplin, Naples; and J. O. Keyes, No. Jay. I. C. Bickford, Lewiston, showed the Cooley creamer and an oscillating churn. Dane & Co., Portland, dairy salt; Moseley & Stoddard, Poultney, Vt., cabinet creamery; and H. K. & F. B. Thurber, New York. Higgin's dairy salt. Howard Murphy, Belfast, had an excellent device for transporting lump butter, with an arrangement for ice to keep it cool in warm weather. I. Herbert, Portland, a new butter presser, said to work well.

There seemed to be fewer vegetables than last year—perhaps because they were less crowded by other exhibits. They seemed well grown, and generally fine specimens of their kind. The best collection was shown by G. W. Allen, Cape Elizabeth. Geo. M. Stevens, Stevens Plains, took prizes on celery and squashes; J. Henry Moore, Winthrop, on beets, carrots, tomatoes, and turnips; S. R. Sweetser, Cumberland Centre, potatoes and squashes; and J. W. Merrill, Portland, city farm, beets and parsnips. The Stockbridge Fertilizer is shown by W. H. Bowker & Co., of Boston, and C. W. Belknap & Son, Portland, show some excellent ground bone.

The manufactures, fancy goods, household furnishing wares, ladies' handiwork, fruit and flowers, fine arts, &c., &c., were shown at the City Hall, as usual, and while your reporter regarded it as not so full and striking as on some previous occasions, still there was much of interest and value to be seen. The room devoted to fine arts and ladies' work was attractive. At one end was a fine show of photographs, by J. H. Lamson, Portland, including life size pictures of some well known citizens. Pictures and artists' materials were shown by Stubbs Bros., and Cyrus F. Davis. In a snug corner, Mr. F. Whiston of Boston, had the Rhyston Mangle, for ironing clothes without heat. Several of the leading sewing machines are represented, and their full capabilities skilfully brought out by the operators. The Davis Vertical Feed Machine was shown by Woodman & Twombly; the Wheeler & Wilson, by their Portland agent; the American by C. W. Dunning; and the Singer by J. W. Simmons, including in his exhibit the new button hole machine, a very ingenious invention. There was a good show of embroidery and needle work from a host of skilful workers, including one or two displays of millinery.

The tables in the main hall were well covered. Among the principal exhibitors were H. J. Nelson & Co., worsteds; W. M. Furbush & Son, pianos and organs; J. Estey & Co., Brattleboro', Vt., organs; Millett, Chamberlin & Little, dry goods; M. G. Palmer, Shaw, Gooding & Co., and Soldiers' Home, Togus, boots and shoes; C. E. Jose & Co., crockery and china ware; H. H. Hay & Co., drugs and perfumery; Portland Stone Ware Co., a fine show of pottery and drain pipe; G. M. Stevens, wooden lamps—an excellent invention for burning kerosene; Loring, Short & Harmon, book binding, and statuary; Kendall Manufacturing Co., soaps of all kinds; Kendall & Whitney (1st premium), and W. C. Sawyer & Co., wooden ware and house furnishing goods; C. O. Hudson, confectionery; Mrs. S. A. Ulmer, (1st prem.), and C. W. Lucy, cakes; Wood, Bishop & Co., Bangor, stoves and furnaces; J. B. Fickett & Co., and Parson Bangs, paints and oils; J. L. Brackett & Co., trunks; and Portland Kerosene Co., oils. A small show of bread—the first premiums awarded to Mrs. R. B. King, for white; Thos. Dearing, graham; and brown bread.

The galleries are wholly given up to fruit and flowers. The floral display is limited. The chief exhibitors and prize winners are Mrs. A. A. Sawyer, Wiscasset, cut flowers; Wm. Morton & Son, roses, gladioli, petunias, pansies, verbenas, boquets, and pot plants (2d); dahlias, Mrs. C. Stanley, Winthrop; J. Vickery, greenhouse plants. Fruit has done better than expected in Maine, this year, and there is an excellent show of apples, and a good display of pears. There are comparatively few grapes, and little of other fruits. The Turner Grange makes the largest display of apples, 150 varieties, and after them come Jos. Taylor, Belgrade; Henry Ingalls, Wiscasset; Mrs. A. B. Strattard, Monroe; R. H. Gardiner, Gardiner; Winthrop Grange; A. B. Chipman & Son; Z. A. Gilbert, Turner; G. Fernald, Harrison, and others. Pears, Warren Sparrow shows 70 kinds, G. W. Woodman, 33, L. J. Perkins, Deering, 31, Samuel Rolfe, 36, A. Smith, Monmouth, 20, T. C. Hersey, Bangor, 15, W. S. Dana, 14, C. S. Harlow, Bangor, 20, and there are many smaller contributors. T. C. Hersey made the best show of foreign grapes, and A. Smith best in open air culture. E. Low, S. S. Low, H. Ingalls, and S. C. Harlow were the principal competitors on plums.

These made up the chief attractions of the present year's exhibition. Your reporter will briefly refer to some points of interest omitted above, and wind up this lengthy report. The show of horses was considered of good quality, but there were fewer noted animals than usual. The Knox stock, as usual, had some notable representatives, and Gen. W. S. Tilton had the stallion Constellation, with stock. The difficulty of inspecting these animals in their closed quarters left your reporter rather imperfectly acquainted with their merits, and he will leave to the premium list the statement of comparative merit.

The ploughing match was held on Thursday. The competitors were Whittemore Bros., Boston; J. J. Frye, Portland, and W. F. Cameron, Portland. Draught horses were shown by six competitors, the test being 4500 lbs., on a drag. W. P. Harris took 1st premium; and J. Scott Jordan, 2d do. Pulling oxen were also tested, a noble pair of 7 yrs. oxen owned by Granville Hall, Falmouth, and girthing 7 ft 10 inches, pulling a load of 7500 lbs 60 feet in five pulls, and taking the first prize.

The annual meeting of the Maine State Ag'l Society was held Thursday evening. President Hamilton, in his address, said that last year's fair paid $1500 of the old indebtedness, and the success of the present fair is already assured, as the day's attendance had been the largest ever known in this State. If the weather continued good, the total indebtedness would be paid and $3000 or $4000 left in the treasury. Treasurer Osgood reported that nearly $3000 had already been received from the present fair, not including the tickets sold by the railroads. The committee to settle with the former Secretary, Samuel Wasson, reported that they could get no statement or books from him to show how the accounts stood. The following officers were elected: Rufus Prince of Turner, President; A. L. Dennison of Portland, Secretary; Henry S. Osgood of Portland, Treasurer; Trustees, Charles F. Libby of Portland, B. M. Hight of Skowhegan, John Morrison of East Corinth, Geo. W. Ricker of Rockland. It was voted that the Treasurer publish by the first of January a detailed report of the receipts and expenses.

On the same day, the Maine State Pomological Society held its annual meeting and re-elected the old board of officers, viz.: President, Henry Ingalls of Wiscasset; Vice Presidents, Joseph Taylor of Belgrade, Granville Fernald of Harrison; Secretary, Geo. B. Sawyer of Wiscasset; Treasurer, Henry McLaughlin; Executive Committee, President and Secretary ex-officio, Samuel Rolfe of Portland, Chas. S. Pope of Manchester, Andrew S. Sawyer of Cape Elizabeth.

The following are the principal premiums awarded, other than those already awarded:—

Horses.

Stallions, 1st, to Gen. Tilton for Constellation; 2d, to G. J. Shaw, Detroit, for Royal Tanner; 3d, to E. N. Perry, Cape Elizabeth, Lightfoot. 3 year old geldings and fillies, 1st, to Dr. Orrin Fitzgerald, for gray colt; 2d, Charles Sheridan, 2d, Windham; 3d, sorrel mare. Stallions, three years old, first, D. A. Burnham; 4 years old, 1st, C. M. Cram of Mechanic Falls.

One year old Stallions and Fillies—Stallions—J. S. Heald, Portland, 1st prem.; O. D. Gardner, Augusta, 2d. Fillies—G. J. Shaw, Abeline, 1st; C. F. Mattocks Gertrude, 2d.

Wood Mares with Foals—Gen. Tilton, Togus, b. Venture, 1st; C. F. Mattocks, Portland, b. Maggie, 2d; J. E. Melvin, Windsor, br. Duchess of Windsor, 3d.

Draft horses—Double team, 1st, W. F. Harris of Cumberland; 2d, J. Scott Jordan of Cape Elizabeth with a special premium $5 to Alonzo Libby of West Mills; single horse, 1st, J. Scott Jordan; 2d, W. P. Harris.

Colts, one year—Stallions, gelding or fillies, 1st, John S. Heald, Portland, black coal colt Garland; 2d, G. J. Shaw, Detroit, bay filly Abiline; 2d, D. W. Gardner, Augusta, black colt Gen. Tilton; 2d, C. F. Mattock's black fully dertrude.

Cattle.

Holsteins—General Tilton liberally presented his herd for exhibition only and to encourage breeding that stock.

Durham Bulls, three years old, 1st, B. F. Trask; 2d, J. W. Jones; two years old, 1st, J. W. Jones; one year old, 1st, Peter W. Ayer. Cows, four years old, 1st, Peter W. Ayer; three years old, 1st, J. W. Jones. two years old, 1st, W. W. Waugh; one year old, 1st, W. W. Waugh. Heifer calf, 1st, W. W. Waugh. Herd, 1st, J. W. Jones.

Ayrshires—Bull, three years, 1st, W. S. Kidder of New Gloucester; 2d, H. G. Wakefield of Hollis Centre; bulls, two years, 1st, W. P. Harris; 2d, Alonzo Libby of Cape Elizabeth; bulls, one year, first, Alonzo Libby; 2d, Alonzo Libby. Cows, four years, 1st and 2d, same, cows, two years, 1st, same; 2d, W. P. Harris; cows, one year old, 1st, Alonzo Libby. Calves, 1st same. Herd, 1st, Alonzo Libby.

Jerseys—C. P. Mattock, 1st, for herd; 1st, 3-year cow Peg; 1st, 2-year cow Cumberland; 2d, on yearling heifer Blanchard Belle; G. J. Shaw, Detroit, 2d, for herd, 2d, for 3-year bull Waxy; 2d, for yearling bull Minx; 2d, on bull calf Maxyvere, 1st, for 3-year cow, Fanny Malsaber; N. E. Boatwell, Waterville, 1st, for 3 year bull, Corporal Trim; 1st, on heifer calf, Lyra Belle, Geo. Blanchard and Brother, Cumberland Centre, 1st, for 2-year old bull Portugee; 2d, on 2-year cow Belia; 1st, on yearling heifer Forest Flower; Chas. F. Libby, Portland, 2d, on 2-year old bull Euclid; 2d on 2 year cow Mica; Alonzo Libby, Saccarappa, 1st on yearling bull Coronet Duke; 2d on 2-year cow Moggie Morton; 2d on heifer calf; W. F. Kedder, New Gloucester, 1st on bull calf Duke of Baldwin.

Herefords—B. F. Briggs, Anson, taker 1st premium on 2-year bull; C. A. McKenny, Monroe, takes all rest, six in number, including 1st best bull, Waldo's Champion.

Shorthorns—Herd—J. W. Jones, 1st; P. W. Ayer, 2d. Bulls—3 years old, B. F. Trask, 1st; J. W. Jones, 2d; 2 years old, J. W. Jones, 1st; 1 year old, Peter W. Ayer, 1st. Bull calf—P. W. Ayer, 2 prizes. Cows—4 years old, P. W. Ayer, 1st; J. W. Jones, 2d; 3 years old, J. W. Jones, 1st; P. W. Ayer, 2d; 2 years old, W. W. Waugh, 1st; 1 year old, W. W. Waugh, 1st; Heifer Calf—W. W. Waugh, 1st.

Grade or Native—N. G. Sanborn, Vernon, 1st premium for 3-year old Durham bull; 1st, Stetson, Windham, 1st for year old Hereford bull; Benjamin F. Hilton, Starks, 2d; Hereford bull calf, 1st; 2d for Durham bull calf; 1st and 2d for Durham 3-year Hereford, 1st; B. F. Mitchell, Belgrade, 1st for Durham bull calf; Edgar Hilton & Son, Anson, 1st for year old Hereford cow, 1st and 2d for one year Hereford heifers; Geo. M. Stevens, Deering, 1st for two year heifer, Durham; B. F. Briggs, Auburn, 2d for two year Jersey heifer; F. O. Bodge, Deering, 2d, for twin Jersey heifer calves.

Sheep.

Merinoes, buck lambs, 1st, R. & C. D. Waugh of Starks; year old bucks, 1st, Hilton Brothers, Anson; 2-year-olds, 1st, Hilton Brothers; breeding ewes, 1st, Hilton Brothers; two-year-old ewes, 1st, Hilton Bros.; yearling ewes, 1st, Hilton Brothers; ewe lambs, 1st, R. & C. D. Waugh.

Southdowns—1st and 2d, Charles F. Libby of Portland. For southdown bucks and ewes, N. R. Bontelle of Waterville receives four 1st premiums; long wooled bucks, 1st, John Davison of Lincoln; Cotswold, 1st, C. P. Mattocks of Portland.

Swine.

First for boar and sow, C. P. Mattocks of Baldwin; 1st for litter and sucking pig, J. W. Jones of Portland; 1st for boar, sow and sucking pigs, Prince & Haskell of South Turner.

The weather was bad during the first day and most of the second. The Fair, however, was continued through Saturday, the weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance good. The receipts are about $7000, besides rent of booths.

CUSHNOC.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first " 25 " " "
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters requiring an answer must cover a stamp for return postage. No notice taken of questions asked by postal card. Persons writing us on their own personal business will please note the above rule.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Foreign news announces that the English labor troubles are increasing, and in many of the manufacturing towns work has entirely ceased, while at others the short time rule has been adopted. At various places a feeling of uneasiness prevails, and strikes are threatened in the event of a reduction of wages. The grain trade shows a hardening tendency. There are indications that important political questions are coming up for settlement in England. Germany appears to be arranging an alliance with Austria against Russia. The conference between Chancellor Bismarck and Count Andrassy at Vienna, Monday, is reported to have been satisfactory to the representatives of both governments. A terrible incendiary fire occurred in Kiev, Russia, on the 3d inst., the city being fired simultaneously at various points. The conflagration raged for two days, destroying an enormous amount of property, and many lives are reported lost. The negotiations between the Pope and Germany are broken off. Intelligence is received of further outrages in Afghanistan. A terrible outbreak has occurred at Herat (date not given) the troops there having revolted and murdered both the civil and military authorities. The garrison plundered and burned the governor's house, and murdered the commanding general. A brother of the Ameer is suspected of instigating the outrage. The rebels are preparing to make a stubborn resistance at Cabul. A despatch from Cape Town, Aug. 29, announces the capture of Cetywayo, the Zulus King, by the commander of a squadron of British dragoons. The principals Zulu chiefs were to meet at Ulundi Monday, when the terms of peace to be observed hereafter were to be proclaimed. King Cetywayo is to proceed to London immediately, and there to await the orders of the home government.

The deaths are announced, during the past week, of Revs. Rollin H. Neale and Joseph P. Thompson, and Daniel Drew, the famous stock broker of New York.

Two conventions were held at Worcester, last week—the Butler Democrats and the Butler Independents. Both conventions nominated the same ticket, headed by Gen. Butler for Governor.

General Grant arrived in San Francisco on Saturday afternoon from his two years' voyage around the world, and was the recipient of a universal and unusually enthusiastic welcome, the citizens turning out *en masse* to greet the distinguished tourist. Business was generally suspended, and the streets through which the General and party passed were thronged beyond all precedent. On landing, a brief speech of welcome was made by the mayor of the city, the ex-President responding. The grand military and civic procession then escorted the General to his quarters at the Palace Hotel, where he will remain several days. He will visit Oregon before his return, and Nevada on his route East.

The trunk tragedy has come before the courts, Dr. Kimball and Madame Goodrich having been put on trial for the murder of Jennie P. Clarke. The jury disagreed.

By the burning of a tenement house in South Boston, 17th, five persons lost their lives.

There have been several persons convicted of murder or manslaughter in New England during the past week.

We are having fall weather, with occasional rains to disturb the managers of the numerous cattle shows. No frost of importance as yet, in this vicinity, but a killing frost is reported in the Ammonoosuc Valley, N. H., Sunday night.

RETURN OF GEN. GRANT.

Ex-President U. S. Grant arrived at San Francisco on Saturday afternoon, returning to his native country after a tour of two years, during which he has visited nearly all the civilized countries of the old world. Preparations for his reception had been long making, and his welcome on landing was one which was never equalled in this country. The following brief description of his journeyings and his reception is of interest:—

The reception given to Gen. Grant on his arrival in San Francisco on Saturday evening was an ovation such has seldom been given to any ruling potentate, and never before to any American citizen. San Francisco, and indeed the whole State of California, was in an uproar, and people of all races and parties united in doing honor to the hero of Appomattox.

Gen. Grant's tour around the world was a succession of such welcomes and receptions as has never, probably, fallen to the lot of King or Emperor. For two years and four months he has been the hero whom the whole world delighted to honor. Going from Philadelphia to England, to India by way of the Suez Canal, thence to China and Japan, and across the Pacific to San Francisco he has encountered only friendship, admiration, and hearty welcomes.

He sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th of May, 1877, being accompanied down the bay by the Mayor of Philadelphia, the Governor of Pennsylvania, Gen. Sherman and a number of other distinguished gentlemen. After a voyage of 11 days he landed in Liverpool, where the hospitalities of the city were extended to him, and he was warmly greeted by the people. Two days afterward he went to London, where he remained for five weeks. Receptions, dinners, and balls were counted by scores. The University of Oxford conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon him; the Prince of Wales gave a dinner in his honor; the City of London presented him with the freedom of the city at one of the most splendid banquets ever given in the Guild Hall, and he and his family were for two days the guests of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. He went from London to Belgium, thence to Germany and Switzerland, and then back to Great Britain, which he reached, for the second time, on the 1st of September. A dinner was given in his honor by the Town of Edinburgh, and he was presented with the freedom of the city. The City of Glasgow did him the same honor. In the latter part of October he a ain left England, and crossed to Paris. A special train met him when he landed, and he was received by thousands of persons when he reached Paris. He was the lion of the hour in Paris while he stayed, and was the frequent guest of President MacMahon.

Gen. Grant then went up the Mediterranean, in the United States war ship Vandalia, and visited Genoa, Naples, Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, and a number of other places. He was received with honor by the British fleet at Malta, and was given a banquet by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. In the early part of 1878 he visited Egypt, where he was the guest of the Khedive, at Alexandria. He went up the Nile, visited Jerusalem, and went through the Holy Land. He reached Rome late in March, and was presented to the Pope by Cardinal McCloskey. Then, still travelling in the Vandalia, he went to Constantinople, and was received by the Sultan. Next he sailed for Greece, and was the guest of the King, at Athens. In May he visited the Paris Exposition, and then started on a trip through Holland, Germany, Norway and Sweden. Everywhere the same honor and respect were shown him, and from every point accounts were received of his progress.

In the fall of 1878 he visited Spain and Portugal, in the former country being the guest of the King. He next arrived in Dublin in the first week of last January, where he was received with great enthusiasm. His next visit was to Cork, where he received at once the first and last slight he received on his long tour. The Common Council of that city, being informed of his coming, paid no attention to him. This raised a cry of indignation throughout Ireland, and the other towns that the General visited tried, by the warmth of their welcome, to atone for the slight.

The General next visited India and went thence to Siam and China, and then to Japan. He sailed in the steamship City of Tokio for San Francisco on the 3d inst. and reached his destination last Saturday. Elaborate preparations had been made for his reception in San Francisco. When the steamship was sighted, early on Saturday afternoon, nearly the whole population, as it seemed, flocked to the heights commanding the harbor. At 7 o'clock the General and his party were transferred to the ferry boat Oakland, the steamship having reached the harbor, and the landing was made at the Market street Ferry slip. As the General stepped ashore the bands played "Home Again," and the Mayor of San Francisco, the Governor of California, and others, stepped forward to welcome him. Mayor Bryant made a brief address, to which Gen. Grant replied.

The General was then conducted to a carriage, the ferry gates were thrown open, and the vehicles moved forward and took their places in line. As the carriage containing Gen. Grant made its appearance, the great crowd cheered heartily. A procession was then formed, cannon were fired, all the city bells were rung, and steam whistles were blown. The procession started up Market street, passing bonfires at nearly every corner. Under a continuous archway of flags, banners and festoons, the procession went up Market street to Montgomery, turning down the latter street. Crowds blocked the sidewalks, and cheer after cheer rolled along the whole line. Even in the Chinese quarter flags were waved from every staff. The procession continued on through Montgomery avenue, and then to Kearney street, where there was a brilliant display of fireworks. On arriving at Market street, the procession countermarched to the Palace Hotel, where a magnificent arch, 40 feet high, spanned New Montgomery street, covered with American flags, and bearing the words "Welcome to Grant."

Gen. Grant has expressed much pleasure at the demonstration. He will remain in the Pacific States about a month, and will visit Oregon the first week in October, and Nevada on his way East. Gen. Grant and his wife were joined at San Francisco by their son Ulysses. A dispatch from San Francisco, Monday, says:—

Sunday the streets were thronged and Grant may be said to have held a levee. He was cordial and gracious to all. Party barriers and distinctions were trodden down. Everywhere was visible a determination to make the General's visit free from anything of a partisan character. The most pronounced Democrats went arm and arm with Republicans of the blackest hue. Enterprising business men are taking advantage of the occasion, and Grant hats, neckties and cigars are seen on every side. Grant sits for photographer on Tuesday. On Friday he goes to the Yosemite Valley to be absent for some days. On his return he is expected to be banqueted by Senator Sharon at Belmont. Bonanza Flood will entertain him at Menlo Park, and he will be banqueted by Governor Stanford. There will be public balls, banquets and receptions till all are satiated. The millinery and dressmaking establishments are having a rich harvest. Gold is rolling around as if everybody had just fallen heir to unbounded wealth. No doubt the General's stay will improve the business of the principal streets.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The success of the two new plays has been so great that they are announced till next Monday. "*A Fool and his Money*" affords Mr. Warren unlimited opportunity for amusing the audience, and he is equal to the occasion. "*The Spark*," while it opens the entertainment, is bright and witty, and is well done by Mr. Barron and Misses Clarke and Davenport. Last Saturday, the drama of "*The Two Orphans*" was produced for the first time at this theatre. Mr. Barron, who played the part of Jacques Frochard, was good, but not sufficiently brutal enough to be in keeping with the character. Mrs. Vincent, as Mother Frochard, gave an effective rendering to the part, making it one of the features of the whole performance. Miss Clarke was good, of course, as Henrietta, and Miss Davenport did fairly as the blind girl, Louise. Mr. William Symour made a creditable first appearance as Pierre, the crippled brother of Jacques, and Mr. Haworth and Mr. Wilson also deserve notice. The play was produced with new and rich scenery. It will be played again Saturday night of this week, and will soon succeed the present programme for a regular run. Manager Field has engaged the well known actress, Miss Fanny Morant, for a short season, opening Oct. 20.

CHOICE SWINE FOR SALE.—The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, which has been the medium through which the farmers of Massachusetts have received great benefits in the way of improving the breeds of farm stock, advertise, in another column, their entire importation of choice pigs, of the Yorkshire, Essex and Berkshire breeds. They will be disposed of at, practically, the purchaser's own valuation, and the opportunity is one which every breeder of swine should avail himself of.

A GREAT EXPOSITION.

Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s Opening---A Dry Goods Crystal Palace and its Display.

There is now open and under full headway in this city an exhibition which, although provided entirely by the manufacturers and merchants in Boston, native and interest anything hitherto presented here under public auspices. We allude to the display now being made by that celebrated Boston firm, Jordan, Marsh & Co., at their new Dry Goods Palace on Washington street. We say *new* dry goods palace because, although the site and a portion of the buildings are the same as those so long occupied by the firm, the changes, improvements and extensions are so great as to transform the establishment into something entirely new, as well as "rich and strange."

As an exhibition of the greater departments of textile fabrics this exhibition is vast, complete, and most impressive. The handsome front and portals of the building, the magnificent spacious halls and corridors, the teeming miles of counters and regiments of busy attendants, the thousand gorgeous and variegated fabrics, crimson, purple and gold draped in festoons, wreathed into arches, piled in columns and pyramids, blazoned like banners, everywhere—and "O'er it and round it and through it all" the murmur of voices, flashing of jewels and sheen of draperies as the admiring throngs of beauty and fashion glide and sparkle to and fro, is the sight of a lifetime.

A number of workmen, at times over four hundred—have been employed day and night, throughout the season, in preparing, from the material provided, this great establishment. The nucleus, of course, is the old corner salesroom of Jordan, Marsh & Co., so familiar to the ladies of this part of New England. A hotel—the "Gordon," a spacious hall, the celebrated "Chickering," and a former open passage way has been appropriated, the building has been carried up four stories, and the former large wholesale establishment thrown in to make the great increase of space. Within this have been constructed the grand hall or salesroom on the first floor, of an uninterrupted length of 380 feet, a width of 80, four galleries for visitors, and, over the former court, a splendid arched skylight, said to be the finest in the country. Then there are four "Waiting Rooms," comprising the whole of the former hotel, sumptuously fitted up with toilet and retiring rooms, and complete conveniences for rest and tarrying—a most grateful feature to ladies from out of town, especially, and one unequalled in Boston. At the rear of these and in the basement are those important accessories to the water closets for employees, really magnificent in design and finish, being fitted up in solid marble. The Silk department is under the skylight, or "Arch of Crystal," and its spacious counters and shelves are teeming with the richest display in the world. Next against this are the Dress Goods counters, well lighted and carefully stocked. The second floor is devoted to Upholstery, Boys' Clothing, Ladies' Underwear, Shawl, Suit and Cloak Departments—each spacious, and some of them elegant. The main third floor has a splendid display of carpets, and is a superb salesroom, 158 feet long by 78 wide, with a large L in addition, for the cheaper lines. Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of these carpets,—a description of which will be given hereafter be made a leading specialty by Jordan, Marsh & Co., both as to styles, qualities and prices.

The fourth floor is devoted entirely to dress and mantemaking in their highest forms, under the charge of a corps of artists, who are prepared to furnish costumes, suits, or garments, not to be excelled anywhere in the world in material or manufacture, and of a great scope of prices—suited to any purse. The top floor is another busy hive, devoted to the manufacturing of underwear and the like, with parks of steam sewing machines, and battallions of operators.

The new front is a worthy portal to this great establishment, the grand entrance, or vestibule, opens wide in the centre, with six massive doors of rich and rare old San Domingo mahogany. On either side are the magnificent windows, consisting of enormous plates of glass as large as the walls of an ordinary house, within which are arranged the enchanting, ever-changing displays which astonish the passers by. The grand stairway is really grand of solid black walnut, elaborately carved, at its foot a beautiful and unique marble fountain. The entire interior decoration of the store is chaste and elegant, and a profusion of graceful ferns, palms and flowers add their inimitable natural beauties to the scene.

Altogether the exhibition now presented to the public by Jordan, Marsh & Co., is a grand one, well worthy of being considered a great exposition, and of a visit from all the people throughout the vicinity.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24, 1879.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton*; GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19 *Poultry and Game*; H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams*; C. C. CHAMBERLIN & CO., Nos. 79 & 81, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs*; SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables*; SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish*; GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—$ bbl	1 50 @ 3 00	Hamburg, lb	25 @ 50
new, $ pk	30 @ 50	Lemons, $ doz	20 @ 70
Crab, pk	50 @ 75	Muskmelon, ea	15 @ 25
Cantelopes, ea	10 @ 25	Oranges, $ doz	50 @ 75
Cranberries, qt	10 @ 12	Peaches, bask	1 25 @ 2 00
Cocoanuts, ea	5 @ 8	Pears, $ pk	50 @ 75
Grapes—		Watermel'ns, ea	20 @ 35
Cultivated, lb	12 @ 20		

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, $ lb,—		Cheese, $ lb	8 @ 12
Lump	25 @ 35	Sage, $ lb	13 @ 14
Prime	28 @ 25	Neufchatel, ea	@ 10
2d quality	15 @ 20	Eggs, $ doz	17 @ 20
common,	12 @ 15		

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, $ lb	25 @ 40	Pecans $ lb	@ 20
shelled, $ lb	50 @ 60	Prunes, $ lb	15 @ 20
Apples, $ lb	8 @ 12	Peaches, $ lb	20 @ 25
Castana, $ lb	10 @ 15	$ qt can	@ 50
Chestnuts, qt	@ 30	Raisins, lay'rs$ lb	25 @ 33
Citron, $ lb	25 @ 38	keg, $ lb	10 @ 15
Dates, $ lb	10 @ 15	Sm'gbarks, $ qt	10 @ 15
Figs, $ lb	15 @ 40	Walnuts, English	15 @ 20
Filberts, $ lb	@ 20	Naples,	@ 20
Peanuts $ qt	10 @ 15	Zante curl's, $ lb	10 @ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, $ pk	37 @ 50	Peas, split, $ qt	@ 10
shell, $ qt	15 @ 25	Peppers, $ lb	10 @ 12
Beets, $ pk	@ 20	Potatoes, $ pk	25 @ 30
Carrots, $ pk	@ 20	$ bushel	75 @ 1 00
Cauliflowers, ea	10 @ 25	$ barrel	2 00 @ 2 25
Corn, green, doz	15 @ 25	sweet, $ lb	2 @ 3
Cucumbers, ea	@ 1	Sage and Thyme—	@ 20
pickling, $ 100	10 @ 20	$ bunch	@ 6
Egg Plant, ea	10 @ 15	Spinach, pk	@ 20
Leeks, bunch	@ 5	Squashes—ea	@ 50
Lettuce $ head	@ 5	Marrow, $ lb	@ 2
Okra, $ pk	50 @ 75	Tomatoes, pk	@ 25
Onions, $ pk	@ 50	Turnips, $ pk	@ 25

Meats—Fresh.

Beef, $ lb—		Lard, leaf	@ 7
Sirloin steak	20 @ 27	Tried	8 @ 9
Round do	12 @ 14	Mutton—	
Rib, roast	10 @ 18	legs, $ lb	14 @ 18
Chuck rib	8 @ 12	fore qr, $ lb	6½ @ 10
Plate and nvls	6 @ 8	chops	15 @ 20
Soup pieces	3 @ 4	Pork, $ lb	
Liver	@ 8	Roast and stks	7 @ 8
Hearts, $ lb	3 @ 4	Suet, $ lb	@ 7
Hogs, round, $ lb	@ 5½	Tallow, $ lb	@ 8
Hasket, sheep, ea	@ 5	Veal, hd qr $ lb	14 @ 17
Kidney, each	@ 8	fore qr	8 @ 12
Lamb—Spring	@ 25	loins	15 @ 20
hind qr $ lb	15 @ 18	Sweetbreads,	25 @ 40
fore qr $ lb	12 @ 15		

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, $ lb	@ 11	smoked, ea	1 00 @ 1 25
Bacon, $ lb	9 @ 12	Sheep, do, $ dz	@ 50
Shoulders, $ lb	6 @ 7	Pigs' feet, $ lb	@ 8
Salt, $ lb	@ 8	sausage, $ lb	@ 10
Beef, corned, $ lb	6 @ 7	Bologna, $ lb	7 @ 8
Smoked, $ lb	14 @ 17	ripe, $ lb	8 @ 10
Tongues, $ lb	12 @ 13		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, $ lb	20 @ 25	Pigeons, $ doz	1 50 @ 2 00
Ducks, ch'ce, $ lb	20 @ 25	squabs, $ pr	50 @ 60
Fowls, $ lb	12 @ 20	Pigs, sck'g, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Geese, $ lb	10 @ 15	quarter, $ lb	10 @ 15
Green, $ lb	@ 20	Turkeys,—	
Marsh birds, doz	60 @ 2 00	choice, $ lb	20 @ 25
Partridges, ea	30 @ 40	Woodcock, ea	30 @ 40

Fish—Fresh.

Bass, $ lb	@ 15	Haddock, $ lb	@ 5
Bluefish, $ lb	@ 15	Halibut, $ lb	@ 12
Cod, $ lb	@ 6	chicken, $ lb	@ 12
pickled, $ lb	@ 8	Mackerel, ea	5 @ 20
tongues, $ lb	@ 8	Perch, $ doz	@ 12
sounds, $ lb	@ 10	Pickerel, $ lb	@ 12
Eels, $ lb	@ 10	Salmon, $ lb	@ 35
Liver Oil, pt	@ 40	Swordfish, $ lb	@ 12
Cusk, $ lb	@ 6	Trout, $ lb	@ 15
Flounders, ea	@ 5	Whitefish, $ lb	@ 17
Frogs' legs, doz	@ 35		

Fish—Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, $ lb	7 @ 9	Salt, $ kit	2 25 @ 4 50
Clams, $ gall	@ 75	Lobster, $ lb	@ 8
Halibut, smoked $ lb	@ 12	Oysters—Com. stew,	@ 80
Fins, $ lb	10 @ 12	$ gall	1 00 @ 1 25
Herrings, do, $ dz	@ 20	Salmon, smok'd $ lb	@ 25
Scaled, $ box	35 @ 45	Pickled, $ gall	@ 80
Mackerel—		Tongues and Sounds—	@ 124
Salt, each	8 @ 20		

Sundries.

Brooms, $ doz	4 50 @ 9 00	Pickles, $ gall	50 @ 75
Cider, gall	@	Sardines—	
Refined, $ gall	@	whole boxes	@ 75
Honey, $ lb	25 @ 30	half "	25 @ 50
Milk, cond, $ can	@ 40	quarter "	20 @ 30
Macaroni, $ lb	@ 20	Vinegar, $ gall	25 @ 40

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

Carefully Corrected Weekly.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24, 1879.

Beeswax.

Yellow, $ lb	24 @ 28
White, $ lb	40 @ 50

Coffee.

Mocha, $ lb	@ 33
Java	22 @ 27
Maracaibo	15 @ 19
Rio	8 @ 16

Cotton.

Upland, Gulf.

Ordinary	10¼ @ 11
Middling	11¼ @ 11¾
Fair	13¼ @ 13¾

Drugs and Dyes.

Sheetings and Shirtings—	
Heavy 4-4	8 @ 8½
Medium 4-4	7 @ 8
Drills, brown	7½ @ 8
Ticl, Colorado	8

Farmers' Directory.

The Business Houses whose cards appear in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

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New England Farmer.

Vol. LVIII. Old Series. } 1879.
Vol. XXXIV. New Series. }

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General Intelligence.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Rev. Robin H. Neale, D.D., an eminent Methodist minister, for many years pastor of the Methodist Church, Boston, died on Thursday, 28th inst. He was born at Southington, Conn., Feb. 28, 1805, graduated at Columbia College, Washington, in 1829, and was settled as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston, in 1830. The church, formed originally in 1665, was located at this time on the corner of Hanover and Union streets. During Dr. Neale's ministry the society built a handsome edifice on Somerset street, and was pastor ministered until about two years before its close. In 1877, the First Church united with the Calvary and Seamen Avenue Baptist Church, and Dr. Neale terminated his labors. He was an excellent pastor and a good preacher. He was probably the oldest Baptist minister in New England.

Rev. Joseph Parrish Thompson, the well known member of the American colony in Berlin, died in that city of apoplexy, Sunday. He was born in Philadelphia, August 7, 1819; graduated at Yale College in 1838; was ordained pastor of the Orthodox Congregational church in New Haven in 1840, and in 1845 became pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York city, at the age of 82 years. Mr. Thompson continued in this pastorate until 1866, when his physician ordered him to go to Europe for his health. The next year he settled in Berlin, where he has resided ever since. Mr. Thompson is the author of a long list of books, mostly religious, his first work being a memoir of Timothy Dwight, published in 1841. He was also the author of a large number of pamphlets, and published sermons, and was a frequent contributor to the quarterlies and other periodical literature.

Daniel Drew, who was familiarly known on the street at "Uncle Dan," died suddenly Thursday night, Sept. 18, at his residence in New York city, at the age of 82 years. Mr. Drew was born in Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., in 1797, and began active life as a cattle-driver. He afterward became conspicuous in the steamboat and railway business, and figured largely in the fortunes and misfortunes of the Erie road. He was at once recognized as a chieftain among New York speculators, and lost immense sums of money during the hard years that followed the panic of 1857. He founded the Drew Ladies' Seminary at Carmel, New York, and the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J.

James Redpath, the well known Lyceum manager, mysteriously disappeared from New York about two weeks ago and cannot be found. He was last seen Sept. 2. He is supposed to have either committed suicide or wandered away while suffering from temporary insanity produced by overwork.

The bullet which Charles De Young sent into the body of his enemy, Mr. Kalloch, has been removed through the instrumentality of the latter's wife. In dressing the wound she saw a dark object protruding which he declared was the bullet, and after several attempts she succeeded in extracting it.

A London dispatch says Talmage sailed for home on Sunday. He has lectured and preached 96 times during the past three months in Great Britain.

Mrs. A. P. Ela, wife of Hon. J. H. Ela, died on Saturday at Rochester, N. H., after a long and painful illness. She was a woman of much force of character and ability, and had been prominently connected with the Abolition and Woman's Suffrage movements. She was one of the Executive committee of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and one of the officers of the National Woman's Suffrage organization until failing health compelled her to retire.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

At Nashua, N. H., Sunday night, Berry's Block and Barker's Block were burnt. Loss, about $15,000, including C. E. Miller & Co., tailors $6000; A. P. Hendricks, jeweller $15,000; and F. Bran, billiard saloon $2000—partly insured.

The pistol shops of Savage & Smith, Midfield, Conn., were burned Sunday morning. Loss $40,000; insurance $27,000.

Tiemann & Co.'s paint factory, New York, was burned Sept. 17. Loss $50,000—partly insured.

The Atlas Mills, Oswego, N. Y., were burned on Saturday night. Loss $60,000.

About sixty families were rendered homeless by the Carillon, Col., fire, which was more extensive than was first reported. The loss is not less than $75,000. Fires are raging all through the mountains and the sky and sun are hidden by the smoke. The Ute Indians have started most of the fires for spite.

A fire at Markdale, Conn., 18th, burnt the Revere Hotel and the stores of Wilcox, watchmaker, Hill Bros., general merchants, and Sproule Bros., drugs. Loss $20,000.

MURDER TRIALS.

The trial of Samuel D. Haines for the murder of Officer James R. Robbins at Rockland, Me., occurred there Monday, and resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The murder was an atrocious one and all the main facts in the case were admitted by the defence, the only question being as to the degree of the crime. The prisoner, it seems, was confined in jail, charged with store robberies; Robbins was in the lock-up with him, to prevent his escape, and, while he was for a moment lost in sleep, Haines murdered him with a large stove wrench.

At Newport, N. H., Friday, 19th, after a trial of four days, Henry H. Hayes of Sunapee was found guilty by the jury of manslaughter in the first degree for killing Richmond C. Angell of Sunapee the second day of February last, and was immediately sentenced by Judge Stanley to hard labor in State's Prison for twenty years.

At Bridgeport, Conn., Saturday, the trial of Wilhelm Buchholz for the murder of Johann Schulte, ended in the conviction of Buccholz, the evidence of his guilt being convincing. He was remanded for sentence.

The trial of "Dr." Daniel F. Kimball and "Madame" Caroline E. Goodrich for the crime which led to and caused the death of Jennie P. Clarke, and for being accessory before and after the fact, was begun in the Superior Criminal Court in this city, Monday. Mrs. Forsyth, the woman in whose house Miss Clarke died, was call d to the stand, and gave important testimony. The evidence was all in, and the case given to the jury, Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday forenoon the jury reported they were unable to agree. The prisoners were remanded to jail.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Wednesday night, 17th, fire broke out in the tenement house No 128 Gold St., occupied by three families. Mr. Gillespie, on the first floor, escaped, but his wife, who was intoxicated, was badly burnt, but may recover. The second floor was occupied by a German family, Pfeiffer, five in all. Mr. Pfeiffer, and Rosa, a niece, were burnt to death, but Mrs. P., and her children jumped from the window and were slightly hurt. On the upper floor, were Ferdinand Meroth, wife and two children, and George Holdried and wife. The Meroth family jumped from the window. Mr. M. was instantly killed and Mrs. M. and the son badly injured. The daughter was suffocated. Mr. Holdried was badly burned, and his wife burnt to death and charred beyond recognition. The loss to property was comparatively small.

THE PENSION ACT.—Since the passage of the Arrears of Pension act, an average of twenty-five hundred claims have been received per week. The number of pensioners who now receive aid is about 235,000, the roll having been increased ten thousand during the year by the settlement of claims of the soldiers of 1812. The Commissioner, in his forthcoming report, suggests the importance of certain reforms in the payment of pensions, and maps out a plan by which he thinks fraudulent claims might more easily be detected.

RISE IN DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Dairy products, which have ruled so low all through the season as to cause serious apprehension that dairymen would become bankrupt, have taken a sharp turn upward. Cheese which sold here three weeks ago from 6 to 6¼ cents was in good demand Saturday at 9 to 9¼ cents, and during the remainder of the season prices are likely to be in favor of the dairyman. Another rise on Tuesday sent cheese up to 11½c, as the best price.

GROTON FARMERS' CLUB.—This society will hold their annual fair at Groton on the 2d of October. It is intended to make the display of live stock a marked feature of the exhibition. Hon. George S. Boutwell and James Lawrence, Esq., have some fine herds of cattle which attract a good deal of attention.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The fever plague at Memphis is rapidly disappearing with the approach of cooler weather. The week's record opens with but thirteen new cases reported, and only three deaths have occurred since Friday. The total number of deaths from the fever last week was 31 against 48 the preceding week. The total mortality to date is 349.

A HINT TO WORKINGMEN.

The honest workingmen of the country, many of whom have large and increasing families to support, have been the chief sufferers from the great financial pressure under which we have labored for the last few years. Diminished wages have not been attended by a corresponding diminution in price of everything which the workingman needs. Rents, fuel, food, and clothing, are cheaper, but these do not constitute all his necessities. It is sometimes necessary for him to employ a lawyer or a physician, yet the fee rates of physicians and lawyers are as high as they were in "flush" times. Yet cheap medicines are as necessary as cheap rents or fuel. Cheap medicines are not necessarily poor medicines. It must be obvious to every intelligent person that medicines, compounded and put up at wholesale, can be sold at much lower rates than when retailed from the doctor's pill bags. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have completely restored persons who had spent hundreds of dollars in vainly seeking relief from private practitioners, and all at a very slight expenditure.

WORTHLESS STUFF! Not so fast, my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See another column.

THE NEW YORK FURNISHING CO., advertised in another column, are a reliable and trustworthy firm—their goods are all they claim.

THIS is the season to cleanse the blood from those foul diseases, scrofula, salt rheum, &c. Use Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The World Abroad.

CABLE DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—Currie's distillery is burned. Damage £200,000.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The labor troubles are increasing. Bedford New Mills at Leigh have closed and 700 operatives are rendered idle. The Preston Spinning and Manufacturing Company, running 45,000 spindles and 750 looms, commenced running on short time. There is not the least indication of a settlement of the present strike. At Mossly the strikers are increasing daily, and by the end of the week it is expected that with two exceptions every mill in the district will be closed. It is not considered that the operatives of Oldham will resist the reduction of wages.

The European beet sugar crop is estimated at 1,610,000 tons, against 1,500,000 last year.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 19.—The *Grain Circular* says: The grain trade continues to show a hardening tendency. Little of the new crop of wheat is yet available. Almost the entire consumption is for a time thrown upon foreign, a large supply of which is consequently absorbed without difficulty. Samples of old English wheat are offering readily and taken at fancy prices. There was a large business in cargoes of American red winter and California at an improvement of 6d. to 9d.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Lord Hartington, in another speech at Newcastle this evening, declared that there was not the slightest sign of an impending dissolution of Parliament. He made the usual party attack on the Government. Referring to the Cabul disaster, he said he would rather be forever excluded from office than that this disaster should have occurred. He prophesied that there would be great trouble in Afghanistan.

The *News* says the steamer Lord Clive, from Liverpool Thursday, took out 30 engineers and machinists for Philadelphia from Bradford and that district, and that orders have been received at Liverpool from a Philadelphia firm for the engagement of 100 riveters.

The Marquis of Hartington, speaking at Newcastle-to-day, said the equalization of the franchise, a redistribution of seats in Parliament and local government and land law reforms must soon be undertaken.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The strike of the colliers at Staffordshire has ended by the masters yielding to their demands.

Germany.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent reports that Count Ledochowski, ex-Archbishop of Posen, has been condemned by a Prussian tribunal to pay a fine of 2000 marks, or suffer seventy days' imprisonment, for excommunicating, unlawfully, a Catholic priest who had obeyed the May laws.

BERLIN, Sept. 21.—A correspondent reports that after the return of Emperor William from Alexandrovo, Bismarck presented him with a memorial demonstrating it as absolutely necessary for Germany to support Austria against Russia in the East. The Emperor indorsed the views set forth in the memorial.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The *Standard's* correspondent at Vienna says: It is understood that the conference between Bismarck and Andrassy was mutually satisfactory, and the question of a written or unwritten alliance immaterial, because the conference really resulted in the sealing of preceding negotiations. An agreement was made that Germany, and Austria-Hungary shall firmly support each other in every event. Count Andrassy was authorized by the Emperor to declare the willingness of the Emperor to include a defensive alliance. Bismarck in an interview with the Emperor stated that Emperor William had authorized him to make similar declarations.

General Items.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Thos. C. Scott, an agricultural authority, writes to the *Times* as follows: "The Government and trade estimates show that the surplus of wheat in America, Russia and in the East is 305,000 quarters less than the aggregate deficiency of the various countries, and a rise in the price of breadstuffs is therefore anticipated."

The St. Petersburg *Globe* says that a great fire broke out on Tuesday last in the town of Ekaterinoslav, in South Russia, near the Dnieper. The damage is immense.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—The *Standard's* Vienna correspondent reports that in consequence of bad harvests and numerous floods the distress in parts of Hungary threatens to become appalling during the coming winter.

ROME, Sept. 20.—Negotiations with Germany are abruptly terminated and the Falk laws will remain intact.

The Pope is not well.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 19.—M. Daniloff, an eminent Russia engineer, has commenced work by which it is intended to unite the Black and Caspian seas by connecting the various rivers. Large numbers of workmen have been dispatched from Astrachan.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—A Pesth dispatch says that the floor of the synagogue at Szalnok, near Munczes, gave way to-day, owing to overcrowding. Eighteen women were killed and eight seriously injured.

Hong Kong dates to August 24 state that constant efforts by foreign agents are being made to kindle hostility against Japan on account of the Loo Choo affair. Serious consequences are apprehended by sagacious observers.

The Madrid correspondent telegraphs that *El Liberal* states that the Government intends to propose at the next session of the Cortes the emancipation of slaves, to take effect next year, with a long term of compulsory service to compensate the owners.

The *Russian Gazette* says: The city of Serpuchoff was nearly destroyed by fire on the 15th inst. There have also been conflagrations in Torsok and surrounding districts.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—An imperial decree summons the members of the Austrian Reichstrath to meet on the 7th of October.

In consequence of the anticipated troubles at Mandalay, Burmah, it is understood that the acting British resident there has been ordered to withdraw, probably averting by such a course the perpetration of many deeds of violence on the Englishresidents by the reckless adherents of the besotted ruler.

ODESSA, Sept. 22.—The *Vjestnik* (newspaper) published a letter from Kiev describing a terrible fire which occurred in that city the 3d instant. While a furious storm was raging the fire broke out in seven diff rent places, the offices of the fire brigade and Chief Police station, a powder magazine and four petroleum stores simultaneously being set on fire. The fire continued until morning, of the second day after it broke out. The loss is enormous and many lives were lost, including several children.

Affairs in the East.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 19.—There are still 15,000 refugees awaiting repatriation in Eastern Roumelia. It is pointed out here that the Porte's right to send them back and dispatch an army to Eastern Roumelia in the event of a massacre of Mussulmans is incontestable.

The Afghanistan Revolt.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—The India Office confirms the report of the outbreak at Herat on the 5th instant.

A special dispatch states that the troops of the garrison plundered and burned the Governor's house, and murdered the Commanding General, who was a friend and supporter of the Ameer. The affair throws suspicion upon the loyalty of Ayoob Khan, a brother of the Ameer.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The correspondent at Ali Kheyl reports that an important embassy has arrived from the Ameer of Afghanistan, bringing assurances of his fidelity. Holy war is being preached in Khost valley and among the Mongolo. Great preparations are being made by the rebels and a vigorous resistance may be expected at Cabul.

The Zulu War.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The agent of the Eastern Telegraph Company at Aden confirms the report of the capture of the Zulu King, Cetywayo, by Major Marter, with a detachment of the First Dragoons under Lord Gifford, in the northeast of Zululand on the 28th of August.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphs from South Africa that all the important Zulu chiefs have now submitted to the British authorities.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—The details of the capture of Cetywayo showed that while the King was being watched on one side by Lord Gifford and some scouts, Major Marter with a detachment of First Dragoons approached him from the other. Cetywayo had caught a glimpse of the dragoons, but he thought that in consequence of the bad condition of the ground they could not approach quietly. Major Marter, however, directed the removal of all noisy accoutrements, and to send the native contingent ahead. These surrounded the kraal where the King had taken refuge, and Major Marter then rode up and called to Cetywayo to come out of the hut. The King, after some parley, complied. He preserved a dignified demeanor and asked to be shot.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—A dispatch from Cape Town, September 2, says that Cetywayo will come here immediately to await the orders of the home Government. His capture has had a quieting effect among the natives, and the danger of a rupture with the Pondos has passed away. A final assembly of great chiefs, counselors and the people of Zululand was to be held at Ulundi to-day, when the terms of peace were to be proclaimed and each of the chiefs selected to rule over the territories was to sign an agreement. Many of the chiefs receiving territories are representatives of ancient tribes who were subjugated by the Zulus, and they rejoice at the recovery f their independence.

Latest Dispatches.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24.—The recent conference between M. Waddington and Lord Salisbury on the Greek and Egyptian questions is said to have resulted satisfactorily in both governments.

Intelligence from the Russian expedition into Central Asia discloses that the Tekke Turcomans have defeated the invading column at Geok Tepe, compelling the Russians to fall back on Beurma, with a loss of seven hundred in killed!

THE ROTTING OF POTATOES.

There seems to be a general complaint of the rotting of potatoes. It would be interesting to know if the kind of manure used may not have some influence, as well as the weather or the condition of the soil. It has been claimed by many of our customers that potatoes planted on our Stockbridge Potato manure were not only less rotten at harvest, but were smoother, of better quality, and *kept better during the winter*, than those planted on stable manure. We would respectfully request our many customers, so far as they are able, to take notice of these points, for if potatoes planted on the Stockbridge or any other commercial fertilizer, are less affected by rot and keep better in the cellar, it is a fact worth knowing, not only for us, but for the farming public. Respectfully,

BOWKER FERTILIZER COMPANY.

Boston, Sept. 22, 1879.

THE EARLE PHOSPHATE COMPANY of Providence, R. I., are putting before the public a new variety of Fertilizers whose peculiarities chiefly consist in their being partly or wholly composed of the marine animal known as the "Horsefoot" or "King Crab" (*Limulus Polyphemus*), and of pure animal bone—it being contended by these manufacturers that the presence of flesh or fibre of any kind is a positive drawback to a commercial manure. It is said by those qualified to judge, that the "Earle Phosphates" are powerful and lasting fertilizers, that their analytical and experimental record is good, and that they have a very promising future before them.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of S. P. Taylor, 68 Water St., who offers a very attractive revolver at a low price. He also has a large variety of firearms—weapons both for sporting and defence, at reasonable prices and of reliable sorts.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The first snow of the season fell on Mt. Washington Saturday afternoon.

☞ The crops have been excellent in Vermont this season. Potatoes are selling for 30 cents a bushel.

☞ The house and barn of Jeremiah Merrill, Rockland, Mass., were partially burned on Saturday. Loss $3000; partial insurance.

☞ Henry Smith of Fairlee, Vt., who cut his thumb and three fingers off on a circular saw a few days ago, was taken with lockjaw and his recovery is doubtful.

☞ Mrs. Katie Mignault and her daughter, Mrs. Marietta Sanborn of Derby, Vt., have been given three years apiece in the State Prison for forgery, having obtained money on a stolen note to which they signed another woman's name.

☞ Sunday night, 14th, the sleepers gave way in a barn belonging to Guy Burnside & Son in Stratford Hollow, N. H., precipitating a mow of hay estimated at 40 tons' weight into the cellar below and killing a valuable cow outright.

☞ The success of the narrow gauge railroad from Bethlehem, N. H., to the Profile House awakens interest in its continuation down the Pemigewasset river to Plymouth, 30 miles. The engineers will survey the route soon.

☞ The famous thoroughbred mare Mina died at Richmond, Va., Sept. 19, in her 32d year. She was the last survivor of the progeny of the celebrated racer Boston and was the dam of many noted horses of the turf of the country.

☞ A special Washington despatch says new experiments recently conducted at the Agricultural Department by Professor Collyer seem to demonstrate the feasibility of making it profitable to produce sugar from corn and sorghum.

☞ Reliable reports from different sections of Virginia represent the corn and cotton crop to be an average one; tobacco will yield only two-thirds the usual quantity; the peanut crop will be the best ever made in the State and all minor crops are in a promising condition.

☞ A fire at Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 19, entirely destroyed the house of Benj. Field. Insured for $3500, $900 on the furniture, most of which was saved.

☞ The house of C. A. Kimwell in Sutton, and barn, with eleven cattle, farming tools and the season's crops, were totally burned. Loss $7000; insurance, $3500.

☞ Two narrow gauge railway companies have been organized to run on Nantasket Beach. One of the proposed lines will be four and the other two miles long.

☞ The house and stable owned and occupied by H. C. Towle, Newport, Me., were horned to the ground Sept. 17. Loss about $2500; insurance $1950; cause unknown.

☞ Advices are received of the discovery of very rich lead mines in the vicinity of Spoonville, Clark and Hot Springs counties, Arkansas. It is found near the surface in great quantities.

☞ At Brockton, Mass., 17th, a fire broke out in the grain elevator of Knapp & Smith. The elevator contained about 8000 bushels of grain, which was entirely consumed. Loss on grain and building about $5000; insured.

☞ Frank Emery and Lewis Davis, the former a horse thief and the latter a cattle thief, escaped from the county jail at Middlebury, Vt., 15th, by tunneling seven feet through the solid earth into a cellar.

☞ The dwelling house and barn owned by Dowing Varney at Gonic Village, N. H., were entirely consumed by fire Sept. 17. The fire originated in the stable and is supposed to have caught from sparks from the chimney. Loss about $6000; insured.

☞ The New York Court of Appeals has decided that mortgages made with bonuses or usurious interest are void. The decision is adverse to the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company and wipes out over $100,000 in mortgages held by that company.

☞ The trade estimates show that the surplus of wheat in America, Russia and the East is several millions of bushels less than the aggregate deficiency of various European countries, and a rise in breadstuffs is consequently anticipated.

☞ A dispatch from Eagle Springs, Texas, 19th, says: Capt. Courtney, with a detachment of troops, pursued a party of Indians toward Del Norte, capturing their horses and plunder and breaking up a camp evidently used as a relay camp or marauding in Mexico. One Indian was killed.

☞ A singular tragedy occurred near Kirbyville, Mo., recently. Two brothers quarreled over the possession of a cow and the dispute ended by one shooting the other dead. A younger brother then came upon the scene with a shot gun and became murderer number two by killing murderer number one.

☞ Gen. Conway says that next year 100,000, if not more, negroes will emigrate from the South to the North and West. Colored emigrants, with means, will meet with no opposition in settling in Kansas. He has application for farm laborers from all the western States, and could find homes for 20,000.

☞ Henry Doyle, who fell or was thrown on Friday night, 19th, from a fourth-story window in the boarding house of Mrs. Childs, on Water street, Augusta, Me., died on Saturday, not having had his senses at all after being picked up. He has not lived pleasantly with his wife, and may have thrown himself out with the intention of committing suicide.

☞ At St. Albans, Vt., the receipts of butter were light and prices two to four cents higher than last week's quotations Common sold at 10 to 12 cents per pound; good to choice, new make, 17 to 18 cents; selections, 20 cents, with a higher price paid for a few extra choice lots. General price, 16 to 18 cents.

☞ A tornado and heavy rain storm struck the steamboat Sebago while in the middle of Lake Sebago, 17th, taking off the roof of the upper deck, stools and other movables, and for fifteen minutes greatly alarmed the passengers, some of whom put on life-preservers, but all finally arrived at their destination, Standish, Me., in safety.

☞ Gen. Conway held a consultation at Topeka, Sept. 19, with Gov. St. John and others regarding the colored exodus. It is considered best to hereafter direct the course of emigrants to older Western States, where there is a very considerable demand for labor. No refugees are now depending on charity in Kansas.

☞ Two men who left the Crawford House Thursday afternoon, 18th, to ascend Mt. Washington by the bridle path, were overtaken by the darkness and lost their way. They reached the summit next morning badly used up. The ice on their hats was half an inch thick. The thermometer on the summit was 29 degrees above zero.

☞ The improvement in business which is to be encountered everywhere is demonstrated clearly in the statistics of the business of the New York canals, which for the week September 8–14 this year show a movement of 203,158 tons, against 155,688 tons last year; receipts of $44,580.25 for the week in 1879, against $32,183.26 in 1878.

☞ Rev. W. H. H. Murray has been declared insolvent by Judge Landon of Guilford, Conn., and the parson's affairs at the once noted stock farm are in a very mixed up condition. Attachments have been laid on everything possible, and there is a $12,000 mortgage on the farm. The creditors will probably receive very small dividends when the estate is settled.

☞ The friends of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad are greatly encouraged by the business outlook of that great work. Its traffic is very large, its net earnings for the past ten months being some $669,000 ahead of those of corresponding time last year. A four per cent. cash dividend is now confidently predicted for the next semi-annual period, and even five per cent. is hinted at as not improbable.

☞ The statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, in his weekly report of the outward movement of cereals from seaboard ports for the week ending Sept. 17, shows them to have been larger than in any week previous. They amounted, in wheat and flour, to nearly 7,000,000 bushels. The deliveries at Atlantic and Pacific ports during the last eight weeks in wheat and flour have been about 50,000,000 bushels, and the exports about 40,000,000 bushels.

Business Notices.

On the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system. The heat of summer reduces the life of the blood, and now Scrofula and other impurities work vigorously and ere you think it it's too late—some fatal disease has seated itself. "Take the remedy and eradicate the disease." No other article has such a concentration of remedies that purify, vitalize and enrich the blood as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 4i36

The Secret Key to Health.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth many times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass. 13t35

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* 1y7

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. 1y22

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In this city, Sept. 15, by Rev. J. W. Chickering, D. D., Gardner T. Swartz of Providence, R. I., to Fannie M. Stinson.

Sept. 18, by Rev. J. V. Hilton, Mr. Francis B. Sprague of Brookline, to Miss Virginia L. Weston.

Sept. 15, by Rev. Henry Morgan, Mr. James E. Murray to Margaret E. Colley.

Sept 16, by Rev. Thomas Power, William F. Gainey to Jennie Spencer.

Sept. 15, by Rev. O. T. Walker, Isaac B. Gallup, M. D., of Willimantic, Conn., to Miss Marietta Hibbard of Scotland, Conn.

Sept. 17, by Rev. E. N. Packard, Geo. C. Bailey to Mary E. Nightingale.

Sept. 18, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Wm. L. Davis to Miss Hattie M. Rollins.

Sept. 18, by Rev. Henry M. King, Mr. Alfred A. Blair to Miss Abbie M. Remick.

Sept. 18, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, Wm. H. Thomas, Jr. to Mary E. Clark.

In Brookline, Sept. 16, by Rev. Henry W. Foote, J. Templeman Coolidge, 3d, to Katherine S., daughter of Francis Parkman.

In Swampscott, Sept. 17, by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Joseph Pearson Oliver, M. D. to Grace Atkinson, daughter of James L. Little, Esq.

In Melrose, Sept. 17, by Rev. C. D. Bradlee, John R. Heath of this city, to Alice M. Morton.

In Groveland, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. C. Paine, Francis G. Pinkham, of this city, to Nancy W. McDonald of Portland, Me.

In Taunton, Sept. 16, Chas. H. Johnson to Miss Ada A. Pierpont.

In Plymouth, Sept. 15, Chas. H. Rogers to Mrs. Martha L. Barnes.

In Weston, Sept. 22, by Rev. Chandler Robbins, James Elliot Cabot of this city, to Lydia, daughter of the late Marshall Oliver of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Methuen, Sept. 17, by Rev. Z. S. Holbrook, T. R. Newell to Elizabeth Wheeler.

In Newburyport, Sept. 3, by Rev. Dr. Spaulding, Mr. Alfred E. Dow to Miss Ida L. Ruddock of Lynn. Sept. 17, by same, Mr. Daniel H. Fowle to Miss Carrie F., daughter of Geo. W. Torrey. Sept. 10, by Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Willard S. McKay to Hattie W. Boule.

In Weymouth, Sept. 19, by Rev. Anson Titus, Jr., Geo. W. Gowell of Abington, to Alja M. Carrell of Weymouth.

In Berlin, Sept. 18, by Rev. A. B. Crisby, Clarence H. Brigham to Cora M. Curtis, both of Marlboro'.

In Springfield, Sept. 18, by Rev. J. C. Brooks, J. H. Paine of this city, to Lilla F. Lee.

In Brunswick, Me., Sept. 16, by Rev. Chas. A. Allen, Francis R. Upton of Peabody, Mass., to Elizabeth Fenno, daughter of the late Wm. S. Perry.

In Portland, Me., Sept. 17, by Rev. Wm. H. Shailer, Dr. J. M. Strout to Miss Sarah A., daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Willard.

In Barrington, R. I., Sept. 10, by Rev. Wm. House, Mr. Albert T. Bacon of Bedford, Mass., to Miss Carrie L. Moar, of Londonderry, N. H.

In Pawtucket, R. I., Sept. 15, by Rev. C. F. Burleigh, Herbert W. Frost of Wolfboro', N. H., to Annie E. Burleigh of Tuftonboro', N. H.

In Lake City, Minn., Sept 9, by Rev. Dr. Anderson, Walter P. Manton of this city, to Carrie M. Williamson.

DIED.

In this city, Sept. 16, John Forrest, 74 yrs.

Sept. 16, Helen A., wife of John Graham, 30 yrs.

Sept. 16, at the Home for Aged Women, Miss Sarah S. Ferriter, 79 yrs.

Sept. 17, Henry Anthony of Providence, R. I., 78.

Sept. 18, Anna Maleen, wife of R. D. Stimson, 32 yrs 2 mos.

Sept. 19, Wm. Sturtevant, 70 yrs 1 mo.

Sept. 19, Ruth Nickerson, 79 yrs 2 mos.

Sept. 19, Chas. A. Bigelow, 55 yrs 3 mos.

Sept. 20, Wm. Hoskins Guild.

Sept. 20, Pamelia J., wife of J. B. Howard, 42 yrs 1 mo.

Sept. 20, Mrs. Masterson, 51 yrs.

Sept. 21, Emmeline P., widow of the late Rev. Stephen Lovell.

Sept. 21, Mrs. Catherine J. Salmon, 81 yrs 6 mos.

Sept. 21, Wm. M. Byrnes, 71 yrs 6 mos.

Sept. 2 , Mrs. Mary Jane Howe, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Boston, Sept. 19, Mrs. Anna, widow of Caleb White, of Braintree, 84 yrs 7 mos.

In Everett, Sept. 22, Wm. Pratt, Jr. 45 yrs 11 mos.

In Waltham, Sept. 20, Mary W., wife of John Gilbert, 48 yrs 10 mos.

In Wellesley, Sept. 20, Frances C., wife of Edward G. Fuller, and daughter of Thomas P. Farnum, of Chelsea, 31 yrs 10 mos.

In Hanson, Sept. 17, Bethia, widow of Wm. Estes, 84 yrs.

In New Bedford, Sept. 19, Betsey, widow of Lloyd Howland, 83 yrs 10 mos. Sept. 20, Mary F. Fosbery, 37 yrs 11 mos.

In Scotland, Bridgewater, Sept. 18, Benj. Keith, 84.

In Stockbridge, Sept. 22, Wm. Williams, 89 yrs.

In Worcester, Sept. 20, David F. Farmer, 45 yrs.

In East Boston, Sept. 20, Polly, wife of Geo. Vose, 62 yrs 4 mos. Sept. 18, James Bland, 34 yrs 10 mos.

In South Boston, Sept. 17, Mary A., widow of James Patterson, 51 yrs.

In Charlestown, Sept. 16, David M. R. Dow, 59 yrs. Sept. 17, Mary H., wife of John S. Robinson, 51 yrs 3 mos. Sept. 19, Thomas Paine, Sr., 73 yrs 8 mos.

In Brookline, Sept. 18, Isabel, daughter of the late Geo. F. Homer, 27 yrs.

In East Somerville, Sept. 18, Mrs. Bethia M., wife of R. E. Nickerson, 66 yrs.

In Cambridgeport, Sept. 16, Mary, widow of Michael Moran, 67 yrs.

In Lynn, Sept. 16, Nathaniel Addison Newhall, 70 yrs 4 mos.

In Salem, Sept. 19, James Dean, 66 yrs.

In Lawrence, Sept. 5, Sumner Allison, 66 yrs 11 mos.

In Tewksbury, Sept. 15, Geo. A. Kittredge, 34 yrs 9 mos.

In Newton, Sept. 19, Hannah A., wife

Poetry.

From Scribner for October.

ON THE PIPING SHEPHERD OF FORTUNY.

The following poem, by Charles de Kay, appears in *Scribner* for October, accompanied by a large engraving, by Cole, of Fortuny's painting of the little Greek who is the subject of the lines:

Gone is Hellas, fane and idol,
Gone are those symmetric men
Wise to bridle
Luxury with simplest regimen;
Yes, her temples are the robber's den.

Outer Goths and inner Vandals
Hurled the dainty columns down.
Art her sandals
Dusted of the vileness that the town
Boasted 'mid the symbols of renown.

But the ocean held its azure
As when triremes smote the foam,
Nor could Asia
That corrupt, nor shameful acts at home,
No, nor all the pompous wealth of Rome.

Horns of tender yearlings budded,
Grasses sang and flow'rets blew;
Sunshine flooded
Cape and steep with glory ever true,
Ruined Isles with beauty always new.

On a time there seized a shepherd
Thought that caught him like the spring
Of a leopard,
Forcing him aside his cloak to fling,
Pipe a stave, and wondrous wild to sing—

Not of Athens, nor the splendor
Of the arts in olden time,
But of tender
Tasks of love and deeds of manly prime,
Modern life in many a homely rhyme—

Sing his joyous lot in breathing
Winds of ocean, air and earth,
And of wreathing
Dance and hymnal to the sunbeam's birth,
Crowns of ivy to the god of mirth.

As the flocks about him hovered
One from Spain who loved the old and new;
Him discovered
While again his pipe he blew,
He with joy the pretty shepherd drew.

Who was he so gleeful-hearted
Save Fortuny, man and child?
He departed
Art from out the air and sea beguiled.
Art once more on Magna Græcia smiled.

A Selected Story.

From the Argosy.

ONE AUTUMN NIGHT.

There is no pleasanter spot in leafy Warwickshire than Cleveden Vale. The little "Cleve"—scarcely more than a stream, though it calls itself a river—meanders through the valley in a loitering, leisurely fashion, now winding through pastoral meadows, now making a detour to cross the main street of a straggling village, where it is spanned by an ivy-covered bridge; then flowing onward into the green shady solitude of Cleveden woods.

On the slope of the valley, its Tudor chimneys just visible above the trees, stands the Hall, the residence of Sir Richard Cleveden; and on the opposite hillside, with woods and stream between, is the Vicarage—a handsome modern house, surrounded by smooth lawns and bright parterres. The baronet has two sons. Gilbert, the heir, lives quietly at home, dividing his time pretty equally between sport and study; his younger brother, Reginald, who is in the army, seldom makes his appearance at the Hall. "The Captain only comes when he wants money," says the household; and it must be acknowledged that after one of his duty visits Sir Richard generally finds his purse lightened. Again and again the old gentleman has vowed that he would "draw a line," and pay no more of Reginald's debts; but the line is not yet drawn, for, in spite of his faults, the scapegrace younger son is the father's favorite.

There is constant and friendly intercourse between the inmates of the Hall and the Vicarage. The Rev. Edgar Severne, though only a "country parson," is a man of good birth and ample means. He has been twice married. His second wife, the present Mrs. Severne, was an heiress, and her fortune will descend to their daughter, Maud.

It is Maud Severne, who, on this September evening, stands at the open French window of the drawing room, looking out over the lawn, the river, and the woods, toward the chimneys of Cleveden Hall.

The fading glow of the sunset lights her face; a face which, like her character, is faulty enough, if critically examined, but thoroughly lovable and attractive nevertheless, with its bright "April-blue" eyes, equally ready for smiles or tears, its pretty wilful lips, and exquisite complexion.

Maud had been standing for some moments, deep in thought—rather graver than usual, to judge from her face—when her mother's voice roused her.

"Maud," said Mrs. Severne, looking up from her writing table at the other end of the room, "did Reginald Cleveland call this morning while I was out?"

"Yes, mother; at least he did not come in. I was in the garden, and he practiced lawn tennis with me."

Her mother's brow contracted as she closed and addressed the letter she had just finished.

"If Reginald must devote all his energies to lawn tennis, I wish that he would practice at home, instead of spending all his mornings here. I do not care for him to be constantly in your society, particularly during Gilbert's absence. However, his leave will soon expire, I suppose, and then——"

"I don't see what Gilbert has to do with it," Maud interrupted, a shade of defiance in her tone.

"Don't you think Gilbert has a right to object to your flirting with his brother when you are engaged to himself?" was the quiet inquiry.

"But, excuse me, mother, I am not engaged to Gilbert," she returned, coming away from the window. "A month ago, just before he started on his Highland tour, he proposed to me, but I would not give him an answer then; I told him I did not know my own mind—and it was true."

"But previously to that you had given him sufficient encouragement to justify his thinking that you meant to accept him eventually. He takes it for granted that you will."

"He takes it for granted—yes, that is just what I complain of," Maud declared. "He knows that you and papa are on his side, and he thinks my consent 'goes without saying.' But I don't care to be disposed of in that summary manner."

"That is a very unjust and unkind remark," was Mrs. Severne's comment. "You know that your father and I would never attempt to force your inclinations; if we wish to see you Gilbert's wife it is because we are sure that he would make you happy. He is a loyal, true-hearted gentleman; a man whose love any woman might be proud to win."

Maud was silent a moment.

"Yes, that is quite true," she said at last. "Gilbert is all that is noble and good—almost too good. If he were a little faulty I think I should like him better. He lives in an atmosphere too rarified for common mortals to breathe."

Mrs. Severne glanced at her with displeasure.

"I am sorry to hear you sneer at Gilbert."

"Indeed, mother, I am not sneering. I have the greatest respect and affection for him only—only—"

"Only he has not Reginald's handsome face and flattering tongue," her mother concluded. "Ah, Maud, take care that you do not throw away the substance for the shadow, and find out your mistake when it is too late."

The girl made no reply, but her face clouded with a doubtful, anxious look, as if her mother's warning had given expression to some acknowledged misgiving in the recesses of her own mind. She returned to her old place at the window, and after standing there irresolutely a few moments, passed out on to the lawn.

Twilight's "gradual dusky veil" was deepening over woods and fields, and a pale half moon gleamed faintly in a larkening sky. In the dim light the flowers in the garden beds looked pale and unreal, like the ghosts of departed blossoms.

Maud crossed the sloping lawn at the side of the house, descended a steep path which led down through the plantation to the river, and paused by a rustic bridge, connecting the Vicarage grounds with those of the Hall. Just above the bridge a little waterfall came dancing down out of the wood to join the river; a few yards lower the stream widened into a miniature lake, whose unruffled surface reflected like a mirror the woods and sky. Close to the margin of the pool stood a picturesque rustic pavilion, called the Chalet, built from a design by Gilbert Cleveden, who spent much of his time there in the summer. The upper room, which overhung the water and was supported on piles, was his study; the space beneath was used as a boat house. The baronet's eldest son was not only a clever amateur artist; he made his mark in literature, and was a contributor to several high-class reviews and scientific journals. A thoughtful, studious, scholarly man; as great a contrast as could be imagined to his brother Reginald, with his frank contempt for intellectual pursuits, his shallow mind, and fickle heart.

Maud leaned against the rail of the bridge, looking toward the opposite bank. The shadows had gathered thickly under the trees, but the rising moon cast a long, tremulous line of light across the lake. At this shadowy, silent hour the place was mournful in its utter solitude.

Presently from Cleveden woods came the sound of a musical tenor voice singing, "Come into the garden, Maud," and in a few moments the singer, Reginald Cleveden, emerged from the shadow of the trees, and crossed the bridge to her side.

"She is come—my dove, my dear!" he quoted, as he kissed her hand.

"I should not have come," Maud hastened to assure him, "only I had something particular to say to you."

"Something pleasant, I hope? If not, let it wait. I have just passed a mauvais quart d'heure with my father, and I want you to smooth my ruffled feelings, and pour balm on my wounded spirit."

"Oh, Reginald, are you in disgrace again?"

"Even so. And pretty deep in it too. The pater swears he will have nothing more to do with me. He has 'drawn a line,' at last."

"But you know he always says that," Maud reminded him, consolingly.

"He always says it, but this time he appears to mean it," her companion returned, with a significant nod, pulling his moustache.

"You don't mean that he refuses to help you!" she exclaimed.

"Positively—except on one condition, and that—" he paused, still thoughtfully caressing his moustache. "Such an easy way out of the difficulty, if I dared," he muttered.

"What is it?" she inquired, but he made no reply.

"If Sir Richard does not relent, what in the world shall you do?" asked Maud, after a pause.

He shrugged his shoulders. "How do I know? I can't look so far into the infinities. The true philosophy is to take short views of life. Let us change the subject. What was it you had to say to me?"

She hesitated.

"I was going to ask you," she began, "not to come quite so often to the Vicarage—at any rate, for the present; my mother does not approve of it; at least, she thinks Gilbert would not. She says that I am treating him unfairly, and—and I am afraid she is right."

"That depends. If you are engaged to him—"

"But I am not; at least—"

"Then I fail to see what right he has to control you, or why you need banish me, to gratify him. It is me you are treating unfairly—cruelly, Maud, knowing what I feel for you."

"If—if I were sure you cared for me—"

"You must be blind if you doubt it. 'Care for you'—what a feeble little phrase! I love you as I never loved in my life; and you know it."

"You never told me so till this moment," she murmured, plucking a handful of leaves from a bush near, and dropping them one by one into the stream.

His face darkened suddenly.

"The words have been on my lips a hundred times within the last three weeks, but a scruple kept me silent. Don't ask me what it was; it is connected with an episode in my life that I hate to think of."

He bent his handsome head to hers, looking into her face with that dangerous tender gaze which few women could resist.

"Speak to me," he pleaded; "say one word, or if the word won't come, put your hand in mine. I shall understand."

Flattered, touched, thrilled by his ardent look, carried away by his earnest pleading, the girl silently placed her hand in his.

There was an expression of triumph and relief, touched by a certain vague remorse, on the young man's face, as he lifted the little hand to his lips.

"Now that you are quite sure that I 'care for' you just a little, you won't talk of banishing me, will you?" he said presently. "Tell Mrs. Severne that if any one is sent to Coventry, it must be Gilbert."

"Poor Gilbert!" Maud sighed penitently. "I wonder what he will think of me when he leaves—"

"Ah yes, I shall be curious to see how he takes it," Reginald answered, equably, examining a ring on her finger. He never dreamt of me as a possible rival; I must look out for squalls."

She looked uneasy.

"I hope there will be no quarrel between you," she said, anxiously; "I should never forgive myself, if—"

"If there is it will be of his making," Reginald interrupted; "but I should think he has enough wisdom to take his defeat quietly. By-the-by, have you heard from him since he left home?"

"Yes; he wrote last week from a place called Glentalloch, where—"

"Glentalloch!" he repeated in a startled tone; "are you sure that was the name?"

"Quite sure. It is in the Western Highlands. Do you know it?"

"I—I have heard of it," he said, at length, looking away from her. "Well," he continued, after a moment, making an effort to resume his usual manner, "to return to ourselves. When may I speak to the Vicar?"

"Papa is going to Leamington to-morrow, to take Mr. R——'s duties for a fortnight."

"Then, Maud, I will see him this evening, at once. I want it to be all safely settled before Gilbert appears on the scene. Are you coming in now?"

"Not with you. In a few moments."

"Gilbert at Glenfalloch!" muttered Reginald, as he ascended the path; "it looks like fatality, and if I were superstitious—bah! after all, nothing may come of it; at any rate, I shall not throw up the cards till the game is lost. Apres cela, le deluge!"

Very grave grew Maud's face when she was alone. Doubts and misgivings crowded into her mind, and would not be dismissed. Her mother's warning haunted her: "Take care that you do not throw away the substance for the shadow."

Had she really done so, and would she live to repent her rashness? It seemed to her that she was beginning to repent it already. She thought of Gilbert as she never had before, tenderly, regretfully, with a remorseful consciousness of his worth; with a tardy appreciation of the value of that faithful heart which she had flung aside so lightly.

She tried to assure herself that he would soon recover from the disappointment, and return to the old brotherly intercourse, but she knew his nature too well to believe that he could so easily forget. She remembered his words, spoken on that very spot, a month ago: "I have loved you all your life, and whether you accept me or not I shall love you still."

Absorbed in her reflections she did not hear an approaching footstep, or notice the figure of a man advancing along the path which skirted the stream on the opposite bank. On seeing her he paused, looked at her doubtfully a moment, then came quickly across the bridge to her side; and Maud, raising her head, saw before her the very person who had been in her thoughts—Gilbert Cleveden.

She drew back with a stifled cry.

"Don't be alarmed. It is I—Gilbert," he said, in his pleasant, cordial tones, taking her hand in both his own. "Did I startle you, dear? I am sorry; it was thoughtless of me."

"I thought it was your ghost," she said, with a nervous laugh. "We did not expect you home for another week at least. When did you arrive?"

"I have only just come from the station. I left my traps to be sent on, and walked home by the river side, that I might see the place where I bid you good bye a month ago. I little expected to have the happiness of meeting you here. Is it really you?" he added, bending to look at her; "you look as unsubstantial as a waterwraith. Maud, are you not well, or is it the moonlight makes you look so pale?"

"I am quite well," she answered, averting her head. "You will come in Gilbert, and see papa?"

"Not to-night; I must go home. But first I want to say a few words to you." There was a pause. Maud's heart beat fast with the knowledge of what was coming. He seemed in no hurry to speak. Leaning back against the rail of the bridge, he took off his hat and pushed the hair from his forehead, looking thoughtfully away across the lake. The moonlight fell full upon his face, and Maud, glancing at him furtively, could not help thinking what a noble face it was, with its broad forehead, calm, serious eyes, and mouth at once firm and tender. The features were not classical, perhaps, but they were full of character, and his bronzed complexion, dark moustache, and short, pointed beard gave him the look of a portrait by Vandyke.

"What happiness it is to be near you once more," he said, at length. "It seems natural to meet you here in the spot where we parted. So many times, Maud, during the last month, I have seen you in dreams, standing there in your white dress, with the woods above you, and the river at your feet! So many times I have fancied I heard your voice mingling with the murmur of other streams far away. Waking and sleeping, you were always in my thoughts."

"You think of me too much," she faltered.

"Cure me of that bad habit, if you can," was his reply, as he took her hand. "Maud, when I parted from you a month ago, I carried a sweet hope away with me; will you—"

She looked up suddenly, showing a pale, agitated face.

"Gilbert—forgive me!" she began.

He looked at her in surprise.

"What have I to forgive you, Maud?"

"For allowing you to hope, only to disappoint you after all."

The color faded out of his bronzed face; he caught his br ath as if he had received a blow.

"You never intended, then, to accept me—"

"Yes, yes, I did," she interrupted, "though I wanted to have my liberty a little longer, but since then—"

"Since then?" he repeated, still holding her hand, but looking away from her; "don't fear to tell me. Do you mean that—that you have learnt to care for some one else?"

Her silence answered for her.

He looked at the dark woods and the moonlit lake; looked at them, but did not see them; there was a mist before his eyes.

"Who is it?" he asked slowly.

Almost inaudibly she whispered the name.

"Reginald."

"*Reginald!*"

His tone was one of such emphatic astonishment that it startled her.

"Reginald!" he repeated. "Do you mean to say that he has made love to you? that he—"

"He has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," she answered as he paused. He let fall her hand, looking at her in incredulous amazement.

"Maud, what are you saying? my brother has proposed to you? Well, but—good heavens! he—No," he broke off, "I can't believe it. I cannot believe that he is such a scoundrel."

"Gilbert, what a word! You have no right to apply such a term to Reginald. If he has wronged you it is—"

"It is not of my own wrongs I am thinking," her companion interrupted, "though I might complain of his treachery in robbing me of—but let that pass. Do you love him, Maud?" he asked, looking at her with anxious eyes. The color rushed to her face; she could not answer "Yes." In a flash, as it were, her own heart was revealed to her; but the revelation came too late.

He put his own construction on her silence. "I see. It was an unnecessary question. Of course you do. He is the sort of man women do love—to their sorrow." Then, with a look in his eyes such as she had never seen there before, he muttered: "He shall answer to me for this."

Almost at the same moment, Reginald's gay voice floated down from the plantation above:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown—"

Gilbert started and turned, looking up toward the path.

The girl, watching his face, shivered with a sudden dread.

"Don't meet him now," she said, anxiously; "you—"

"You need not fear that there will be any dispute in your presence," he answered, divining her thought.

"Nor afterward, when you are alone together?" she urged.

He did not reply; he was looking toward the plantation, listening to the musical voice ringing out in the evening stillness:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone."

"Maud, Maud!" Reginald called, breaking off in his song. "I have good news for you. Are you still there?"

"Yes, I am here; I am coming," she responded, and would have hurried toward him, hoping to prevent the meeting, but her companion's firm fingers closed on her wrist and detained her.

The next moment Reginald's figure emerged from the trees into the strip of moonlight on the bank.

"Good child, to wait for me," he began. "Hallo, who is that? Why, Gilbert! Where have you dropped from? I thought you were in the wilds of the Highlands."

"I have returned, as you see," the other answered in his usually quiet tone, greatly to Maud's relief; though he made no movement to take the hand extended to him.

"You are just in time to offer us—Maud and me—your congratulations," Reginald proceeded, with a smile which had something mocking in its triumph. "We are——"

"I know. Maud has told me. But I think, with your permission, that I will defer my congratulations for the present, lest they should prove premature."

His brother gave him a quick glance, as if struck by something in his tone; then, with a slight shrug, took out his cigar case.

"As you like," he said carelessly. "Hope you have enjoyed your tour, and distinguished yourself by some wonderful discovery as to the 'strata' of the Highlands?"

"I have made one very unexpected discovery, but it had nothing to do with geology."

Reginald started, and paused in the act of opening his cigar case. Gilbert met his look with one full of significance.

"When and where did you make it?" Reginald asked, after a moment, dropping his voice so as to be inaudible to Maud.

"Only two days ago, at a place called Glentalloch. You know it?"

He shook his head. He was lighting his cigar, and the flickering gleam of the match showed that his face was colorless.

"There is some one there who knows you, at any rate, and who has intrusted me with a letter for you. Shall I give it you now?"

No, no, not now," he muttered hastily, with a glance at Maud.

"Come to me at the Chalet in three hours' time; we shall be secure from listeners there," Gilbert responded.

Then turning to Maud, who had caught only a word or two here and there of the latter part of the dialogue, he continued:

"It is getting late. I will take you home."

Reginald uttered no protest against this invasion of his privileges, but stood moodily staring at the river.

"Good night," she said, putting out her hand to him.

He looked at her absently.

"You are going? Oh—good night. God bless you Maud," he added, with sudden and strange earnestness; and he would have kissed her, but Gilbert hastily, almost roughly interposed.

"Stand back—do not touch her! How dare you!" he said, hoarsely. His hands were clenched, his face white with suppressed passion; a lurid light burnt in his dark eyes.

Maud clung tremblingly to his arm.

"Come away—please!" she entreated; "remember what you promised."

But already he had commanded himself, and drawing her hand through his arm, turned away without another word.

In silence they traversed the plantation. He seemed absorbed in thought, and there was a stern set look on his face which made her timid of addressing him. Just as they emerged into the lawn, Mrs. Severne met them.

"You have stayed too long, Maud. I—Why, is that Gilbert?" she exclaimed, breaking off.

"Yes, Mrs. Severne; you must scold me for detaining Maud."

"I shall scold her for not bringing you to the house at once," she answered. "Pray come in."

"Excuse me to-night. I have not yet been home. Kind regards to the Vicar; please tell him I will call to-morrow. Good night."

And he was gone.

"I am glad he has returned, but I wish with all my heart that he had never gone away," the Vicar's wife said with a sigh, as they crossed the lawn.

Maud understood the sigh. "I am very sorry you are disappointed, mother," she said tremulously.

"It is on your account we are grieved, Maud, your father and I. We fear you have made an unfortunate choice. However, if your happiness depends upon this marriage—and Reginald has just assured us that it does—there is nothing more to be said."

The girl's heart sank; she made no reply.

II.

An exquisite autumn night, full of misty sweetness; the sky luminous with stars, the world sleeping in a calm so profound as to be almost melancholy. Not a breath of wind swayed the trees in the plantation, or stirred their shadows on the vicarage lawn, where the moonlight lay white and cold; only now and then, at long intervals, a thrill, a tremor ran through the leaves, as if a spirit had whispered to them as it passed.

It was nearly midnight. Early hours were the rule at the vicarage, and all the household had long been sleeping, except Maud, who turned and tossed in her pretty white-curtained bed, too restless even to close her eyes. Never yet in her tranquil life of eighteen years had the girl felt so troubled. It was not only that her heart was full of vain regret and self-reproach, but there was an oppression on her spirits, a dark shadowy foreboding of evil, which she tried in vain to dismiss. She dared hardly acknowledge in what direction her fears pointed, but Gilbert's face, with that white, threatening look of wrath upon it, rose before her as if painted on the darkness.

The window was wide open, and just opposite there was a break in the plantation, which gave a pretty glimpse, set like a picture in a frame of dark foliage, of the Chalet and the moonlit lake. She could not see the little waterfall, but she could hear its murmur—a distant dreamy sound, which hardly seemed to break the silence. At length, insensibly, it lulled her to sleep.

How long she slept she did not know. She woke with a violent start, and sat up in bed, her heart beating tumultuously. A shot, followed by a cry, ringing out in the night stillness—those were the sounds which had roused her.

Her first thought was that there were poachers in Cleveden woods, but that supposition was quickly followed by another so terrible that it turned her cold.

A glance at the Chalet had shown her that a light was burning in Gilbert's study, and at the same moment there rushed back to her recollection a few words she had overheard in his whispered colloquy with his brother.

"At the Chalet three hours hence." Were the brothers there now? Had Gilbert——She sprang out of bed; and without asking herself what she intended to do, began to dress herself as quickly as her shaking fingers would let her.

Gliding noiselessly down stairs, she crossed the hall to the garden door. "Timon," the house dog, was there before her, scratching and whining uneasily. He, too, had heard the shot, though no other inmate of the house seemed to have been roused by it.

She unfastened the bolt and chain and passed, the dog bounding on before her across the lawn, and into the deep shadow of the plantation. When she reached the bridge she was obliged to pause to recover her breath. The window of the Chalet was open, but the lamp was so placed that she could see nothing of the occupants of the room. All looked peaceful enough, but she did not feel reassured. There was something ominous in the silence.

The entrance of the building was at the side, up a flight of wooden steps. The dog was barking angrily and scratching at the door, which was locked.

"Who is there?" demanded Gilbert's voice.

"It is I—Maud. Let me in."

She heard a smothered exclamation, then there was a pause.

"Wait a moment; I will admit you presently," he said.

A sound of hurried footsteps followed; a noise as of some piece of furniture being moved; then a long silence.

At length the door opened, and Gilbert stood before her, deadly pale, his dress disordered, his breath coming quickly. He looked at her as if she were a ghost, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Why are you here, Maud, at this hour?" he asked at length. Without replying, she passed by him into the room, followed by the dog, who began sniffing suspiciously about the floor. It was the model of a bachelor's sanctum; panelled walls and a polished floor; plain furniture of unstained oak, a capacious writing table in the middle; an easel in one corner; over the chimney piece an array of pipes of all shapes, sizes, and colors; on the opposite wall, near the door, a trophy of arms, fencing foils, fishing rods, and hunting whips, surmounted by a fox's head. To-night all was in disorder, and on the floor at Gilbert's feet lay a gun. Maud took in all these details before she turned to him again.

"Where is Reginald?" she asked, in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"He is not here, Maud, as you see."

He has been here; there is his glove."

"Yes, he has been with me, but—— Why do you look at me so strangely?" he broke off, taking a step toward her.

She recoiled from him, putting out both hands to keep him away.

"I heard a shot," she panted; "there is a gun at your feet—did you—have you—— Gilbert! what has happened? Where is Reginald?"

For a moment he stood looking at her like one in a dream; then, instead of replying, he walked to the window, and after glancing out at the lake, silently beckoned her to approach.

"Look! who is that?" he said, pointing down.

At the same moment a boot—his own little canoe, the Maud—shot out suddenly from the boat house below into the moonlit pool.

The occupant was Reginald. He did not even glance up at the window, though he must have heard Maud's involuntary exclamation, but with a few strokes of the paddles sent the canoe, swift as a swallow, across the lake, and on up the river toward the hall.

"Thank heaven!" the girl exclaimed, as she drew back from the window. "Oh, Gilbert," she added, turning to her companion, "can you forgive me for having——"

He put up his hand to interrupt her. There was a look of pain on his face which deepened every line. "I have no right to resent your suspicion, Maud," he said in a low tone; "it is only by heaven's mercy that I was not the cause of my brother's death tonight. Sit down a moment," he continued; "I promised Reginald that I would tell you all. He was with me when you came, just now, but not wishing to meet you, left the Chalet by this door. Down, Timon—down, good dog!"

He stooped and showed her a trap door in the floor, which communicated, by a flight of wooden steps, with the boat house below.

"But why should he avoid me?" she questioned, when he returned to her side.

"I am going to tell you, Maud. It is a miserable story. I wish to heaven I could spare you the pain of hearing, and myself the shame of telling it; but you must know it."

"Stay," she interposed; "is it something you have found out about Reginald? some thing you learnt when you were in Scotland?" He silently assented.

"Perhaps—perhaps you discovered that he was already engaged?" she hazarded.

"Worse than that. I discovered that he was already married.

She sank into a chair, looking up at him incredulously.

"Reginald married!" she gasped; "impossible! Oh, Gilbert, there must be some mistake."

He shook his head. "I saw his wife only two days ago. She is the daughter of the inn-keeper at Glenfalloch, and one of the loveliest women I ever met. Two years ago, when Reginald was salmon fishing in the Highlands, he passed through the place. He had intended to stay three days; he remained three weeks; and when he left Jeanie Hendersen went with him——"

"As his wife?"

"There was no marriage ceremony, and he declares he never regarded her as his wife, but he owns that he acknowledged her as such in the presence of witnesses; and that, by the law of Scotland, as he must have known, constitutes a legal marriage. He took her abroad, wandered about the continent for a few months, soon wearied of his beautiful but uneducated companion, and finally deserted her. Not knowing his address (he had been careful to keep from her all knowledge of his real station,) she could not trace him and so returned half heart-broken to her father's roof.

"I had been staying some days at Glenfalloch Inn before Jeanie knew my name. When she learnt it she asked me, in an agitated tone, if I had a brother or relative named Reginald, and then—well, then I learnt what I have just told you. The next day I left the place, bearing a letter for Reginald from his wife. For that she is really his wife, I ascertained beyond doubt."

"And yet he would have married me!" Maud exclaimed. "What an escape I have had. I understand now," she added thoughtfully; "Sir Richard wished him to propose to me; that was the 'condition' Reginald spoke of."

"No doubt. Well," he pursued, "when we met here half an hour ago, we were both in the worst possible mood for such an interview. I was suffering under a strong sense of personal wrong, and his careless, defiant manner seemed to add insult to injury. I told him briefly what I had learnt, and required his promise that he would immediately acknowledge his wife. He flatly refused to give any such engagement. I set my back against the door, and vowed he should not leave me till he did. In a spirit of angry jesting he took down a gun from the wall, and pointed at me, with some taunting words which I need not repeat. Forgetting in my excitement, that it was loaded, I seized it and tried to wrest it from him; in the struggle it went off—to my horror he uttered a cry and staggered backward, his forehead covered with blood."

Maud shuddered and put both hands to her eyes.

"Mercifully, the bullet had only grazed his temple, but the thought of what might have been turned me cold and sick. In the sudden revulsion of feeling all anger was swept away, not from my heart only, but from his too. I bathed his forehead and gave him some water, and then he silently offered me his hand.

"'I have acted like a brute and a villain, Gilbert, I know that well enough,' he said in a changed voice; after a pause, 'you said you had a letter for me; give it to me now,' he added. He read it through in silence till he came to a sentence near the end. 'The child—our child?' he repeated with a start; 'good heavens, I did not know'—his face suddenly flushed and softened, and there were tears in his eyes. 'Poor little Jeanie,' he muttered, as he folded it again; 'I must have a heart of stone if I could resist this appeal. I shall go to her at once. I must leave you to break it to the pater, and—and to Maud. Tell her—no,' he broke off; 'I dare not say all I feel, and I won't say less. I will send no message.' I promised to make the best of the case to everyone, and if my father still refused to help him, I undertook to pay. Well, it does not matter what more passed between us, we were still talking when he heard the dog barking at the door, and directly afterward your voice. To avoid meeting you he went out by way of the boat house, and the moment I had closed the trap I admitted you."

Maud drew a deep breath, and raised her head. Her mind was occupied by a mixture of feelings, too confused to be intelligible, but chief among them was relief. She was free once more. There might yet be a chance of winning back the treasure she had cast aside so carelessly.

Her companion heard the sigh and misinterpreted it. He sat down beside her and took her hand, looking tenderly into her face.

"Maud, my friend and sister, what can I say to you? I dare not even offer you sympathy, it is too like pity, and that, I know, you would resent. But, child, you are young; your wounded heart will heal more quickly than you think, and the day will come when another more worthy of your love——"

She withdrew her hand quickly, and turned away her head. A look of pain crossed his face. Again he misunderstood the action.

"It was not of myself I was thinking," he said gently. "I shall not trouble you again with my own feelings. All that is past. Lest my presence should keep alive painful memories. I shall go away for a time, till——"

"Why should you go away?" she murmured, without raising her eyes; "Let us—let us go back to the old times, when I was what you called me just now, your friend and sister."

He shook his head with a grave smile. "The old times are past and gone, and the old feelings with them. Having once been your lover, I can never again feel for you as a brother."

"But you——" she began, then stopped abruptly, with a vivid blush. "I must go home," she added, rising.

He extinguished the lamp, and they went out into the cool, fragrant night.

The waterfall was still singing its monotonous song to the sleeping woods. To her ears it seemed to echo like a mournful refrain—"the old times are past and gone—past and gone!"

As she walked silently at her companion's side, her heart was swelling with vain regret. Bitter tears, such as she had never shed before blinded her eyes. She longed to cry aloud all that filled her heart; but when she tried to speak no words would come.

Midway in the steep plantation path she stumbled over a projecting root, and would have fallen if Gilbert had not supported her. As he raised her he heard a suppressed sob.

He pressed her hand passionately to his breast.

"Maud, Maud, it breaks my heart to see you suffer! What can I do, what can I say to comfort you?"

"Don't leave me," she sobbed, clinging to his arm; "if you want to comfort me, don't go away! Gilbert——"

Something in the pleading voice, something in the clinging pressure of the little hands on his arm, made his heart leap with a sudden sweet hope, wild though it seemed.

"Maud," he whispered, pausing; "don't tell me to stay unless you can tell me to hope too."

"Stay," she repeated, laying her tearful cheek against his sleeve.

"Child, do not trifle with me," he said, his voice stern with emotion. "I cannot be content with half your heart; I must have all or none; and if you loved Reginald, how can you——"

"I did not love him," she interrupted, looking up; "I mistook my own feelings. I was weak and foolish and perverse, and—oh! Gilbert, if you will but forgive me; if you will only take me to your heart again, I——"

The sentence was never finished. Before she could utter another word she was clasped to that faithful heart, and Gilbert, in lover's fashion, closed her lips.

General Miscellany.

REAL ESTATE IN LEADVILLE.

The October Scribner contains a notable paper on Leadville, written by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and Mr. J. H. Mills, from which we quote this account of an interesting phase of mining life:

All this excitement and influx of masses of men and the consequent irregular squatting anywhere upon unoccupied ground, began at once to produce discord and a fever of speculation in real estate. A certain corporation claimed to own the whole town-site under a patent from the government, and tried to exact payment from every tenant; but the illegality of this was asserted, and pending decision, everybody not only laughed at the company but proceeded to buy and sell original squatter-claims as though no better title was ever in existence—a supposition probably true at that time. Town-lots rose from nothing to fabulous prices in a day, and fortunes were made and opportunities neglected accordingly.

Next came a period of "jumping," that is, getting forcible or fraudulent possession of property. Men would call with a paper having a legal appearance and politely inform some man occupying the cabin they coveted that they had bought the property from the owner.

"You know, pard," they would remark, affably, "that you just settled down here 'cause it was convenient like, and nobody said nothing about it; but now the owner thinks he orter have some good from his property, and we've bought it. We don't want to be onpleasant, but it looks like you'd have to vamoose."

"That's all right,—no offence," the shaggy-headed cottager would reply, quietly; "but I reckon ef the owner or anybody else wants this yere cabin they've got to take it, and they've got to hold over me, and get up right 'arly in the mornin', too," and he lays a loving hand upon the hilt of his six-shooter, while the would-be jumpers anathematize their way out of the door.

There were, however, clear cases of tenancy of land where no title was held, and here the occupant, if unruly, was likely to find his cabin timbers falling about his ears in the middle of the night, under the vigorous stroke of a band of citizens who proposed to see the real owner in possession then and there. Heedless fellows would insist upon putting their trading shanties or dwelling-houses anywhere in the streets and alleys set apart for public use, and then down would come a squad of police, hitch a span of horses to the underpinning and raze the obstruction in ten minutes. Hard words were a matter of course in all these little public and private transactions in real estate, and every day or two a man was shot or beaten to death; but public opinion and the numerous writs issued quickly and loudly decided the right of the case, and the coroner's jury was very likely to formulate the popular verdict. Truth to say, the *vox populi* in these cases was usually about right. Outside of a case of robbery by "bunko thieves," if a man gets shot in Leadville, it is safe to conclude that he has got his deserts.

Speculation in town-lots did not last very long, however, and now real estate is down to a pretty solid basis of value. The probability is that the future will see a decline in prices, as a whole, rather than an enhancing of the value of real estate within the corporate limits, as no doubt Leadville has seen her highest tide-mark of population.

From Good Company.

THE FIRE-FLY.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

Alone at dusk, her dull day's labor done,
Sat one whose hope was trembling in despair,
To whom the day light and the dark were one
In equal dearth of brightness—sitting there
A little strip of turf, sun-baked and bare
Of bloom or verdure, all her prospect was,
She saw a sudden glimmer in the grass,
And lo! a fire-fly's tiny taper there—
Twinkling as bright as the scant stubble through
As it in hedges dewy sweet it flew.
Then in her soul a lofty shame was born
For vain repining; and a patient grace,
That, like the fire-fly in the barren place,
Shall haply shine through all her way forlorn.

EARLY DAYS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The Amsterdam (N. Y.) *Democrat*, in its "Railroad Reminiscences," says: When the Central was in its infancy the Company experienced great trouble with certain land owners whose property had been taken by appraisal, at or near Tribe's Hill. It was with great difficulty that trains could pass, although a vigilant watch was kept up. Men were stationed with a handcar just East of the curve leading into Tribe's Hill from the East, and when they heard the evening train coming West, would put on the handcar just as near ahead of the train as they dared, and run ahead of the train into the station, but between the handcar and the train the track would be literally strewed with stones, rails, and all manner of obstructions which were thrown down from the heights above, so that the train would have to stop to clear the track (each train carried men for that purpose), and then proceed at a snail's pace into the station. Then again the track would be piled with huge heaps of straw, and the engineer would stop and find nothing but straw. It was usually thought the straw business was only a scare, but about the first time he attempted to run through without stopping, he found a huge boulder in the centre. Thus matters went on from bad to worse; an attempt was made to burn one of the Company's bridges near this village. This was so highly criminal, and it was made so hot for some of the parties, that hostilities ceased. Upon one occasion, George Cox, who with his brothers, Tom and Maxwell, were well known up and down the valley as locomotive engineers, was watching the track near Tribe's Hill with a shotgun, with instructions to shoot the first man he saw placing any obstructions on the track. It was quite dark, and at a short distance from him he saw two men carry something large and heavy and place it on the track. His first impulse was to shoot, and he hauled up, but he hated to take human life and thought he would steal upon them and see who they were. He did so, and found they were two travellers who had come from the canal with their chest, to take the train, and being tired had set it down to rest. Had he acted upon his first impulse, he would undoubtedly have shot one of them, and regretted it to his dying day.

A DIAMOND ROBBERY UNPRECEDENTED.

A Mr. Hawthorne, who came here from New York a few days ago on a visit, had an experience on Broadway yesterday which is simply unparalleled. Setting off his very handsome dress was a $600 diamond pin, the diameter of which was about half an inch. While sauntering up Broadway he stopped in front of Haggerty's produce establishment and bent over a pile of coops to watch the antics of some of the chickens, which were feeding, The diamond caught the eye of a silly fowl—a hen, of course—and darting its head between the laths it seized the gem. Unfortunately the fastening was not what it should be, and a vigorous jerk tore it loose. The hen swallowed the diamond, and Mr. Hawthorne's attempt to catch it gave it such a fright that it rushed among the other chickens and lost its identity, so far as he was concerned. He went into the store to complain and was delayed somewhat. When he came out again the coops had been moved, and Hawthorne could not even recognize the $600 one. A conference was held with Mr. Haggerty, and it was agreed that the only way to make sure of the jewel was to kill all the chickens in all the coops. This was not a great undertaking, for the house supplies hotels with dressed chickens, and would not have much trouble in disposing of the lot. So Haggerty agreed that if he was allowed twenty-five cents a dozen for killing immediately, he would find the diamond. The coops were carried to the dressing-room, and the seventy-two dozen chickens were killed. The 858th chicken had the diamond carefully stowed away inside, and Mr. Hawthorne gladly paid $18 for the killing and $10 to the woman who found the diamond. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

GRAPES ALONG THE RIVER. — Accounts from Newburg say: This season's grape crop along the Hudson River will be the largest ever shipped. The vines are in vigorous condition, and the fruit is large in size. In a few places the vines have suffered from the ravages of the phylloxera, but that is the exception not the rule. The fruit on the Delaware vines is nearly ripe. The first shipment will be made on or about September 1st. The Concord and Hartford varieties are rapidly turning black. About September 12th or 15th, the first shipments, it is expected will be made. The bulk of the crop is grown on the Western shore, from Cornwall to Esopus. In the aggregate, the vines will yield three